UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16. 1843. WHOLE NO. 1155.

Original Poetry.

TO E. K. S.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY ORLANDO GEORGE.

Yes, now, when all too late, you find
One fancy heart is worth
The fortune of the world combined—
That *friendship* of the earth!
And I avow, the cloudless e'er for me,
Sweep o'er their haughty brow:
But all as vain, fair, feeble one—
I do not love thee now.

No! since I broke thy galling chain,
In love's no more control,
A thousand cares have usurp'd the strain
Once breathed for thee alone.
For when that studied charm was o'er
I made a solemn vow
To court thy smiles no more—
I do not love thee now!

On all who praised, nor were they few,
Those smiles on white were poured,
But frowns on me when well you knew
How small a favor,
My heart, though seathed and sore, is free,
And not or ages can bow
So low to scorn it bowed to thee—
I do not love thee now!

And how! mine, too, reveals
Thy heart in former days—
"How long it was before love kneels"—
How fervently he prays!
Tis true! oh, yes, I worshipped thee.
The heart that now
Has never breathe that boast again—
I do not love thee now!

I read, when that proud lip would curl,
The thoughts you would not hide—
Your love—and yet, how modest girl!
Would make me feel your pride.
But now my fondness is regained—
Thy heart will tell thee how.
And now I feel when you *do* *feign*—
I do not love thee now!

The blue records, and well I know
That this one very hour,
Thou'dst gladly give them all below,
For half thy former power.
But now you see those scenes are o'er,
Nore better know than thou
A heartless coquette rules our hearts—
I cannot love them now!

Original Novel.

PAUL JONES.
A Story of the Sea.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY REUBEN HUNGERFORD.

The star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
Our the land of the free and the home of the brave.

CHAPTER III.
THE DINNER PARTY: LOVE.

In a what I considered a sufficient length of time, I found that I had accidentally reached the city gates, where the challenge of the sentinel stopped me and I found that I had, in fact, arrived at dock street, and, for the first time since I left his hotel, I remembered my engagement to dine with the ambassador. Hastening to my lodgings, I refreshed myself for the party, but often paused during my work to think of the events of the morning, which, I felt, might, in all probability, influence my future fate. The image of Miss Harper as she looked when I parted from her continually rose up before me. My heart throbbed with delight. All these pleasing hopes. I saw that the gulf between us, which the preceding evening I had deemed impassable, and which in the morning I had considered as a gulf to be overcome when I should have won honors and fortune, had now dwindled to nothingness. The path to the hand of her I loved seemed open before. In the sanguine buoyancy of youth all difficulties had vanished, for I deemed a father's gratitude would remove every obstacle from my way. The only thought that troubled me was regarding my own restlessness. Might not the affections of a young girl change? Her parting look was scarcely compatible with this idea, but lovers are ever jealous, and I had soon worked myself up into a state of nervous fear on this point, which lasted until I reached the ambassador's.

The company at table consisted of the most distinguished men in France. Many of the senior officers of the Academy was present; as were also one or two high dignitaries, and several ladies and gents. My future commander was there, and appeared to be the life of the day. The fame of his exploits on the American coast, apparently his escape from the Serapis frigate, had got abroad, and, in a land where valor has always been worshipped above every other quality, he was regarded as an object of interest. The conversation turned on philosophy, in which the latest discoveries were debated. The wonderful powers of electricity were discussed. A discussion between Franklin and a leading member of the Academy, in which many eminent philosophers joined, followed. The conversation, at length, slid, by a natural inclination, into the subject of chemistry, and, to my surprise, I heard that the professors of the art had succeeded in extract the universals or manufacturing gunpowder, out of substances which had hitherto been regarded as valueless, and even as the bones of the dead and the refuse of the cellars of Paris.

"But this is not the most remarkable fact," said a distinguished chemist from Geneva. "I can no more doubt that gold itself may be manufactured, for this metal is, like everything else in nature, a compound of two or more simple elements, and if we can but discover these elements, together with the proportions in which they are united, we shall reach the great secret for which the alchemists toiled. But I doubt whether the discovery when made will ever be available to practical purposes, since the cost of procuring the metal will probably exceed its value when made." Nature in her great laboratory works without cost or labor, and, after all, it is only the security of the metal, united with its density, which gave it in the eyes of the old philosophers, such wonderful qualities."

"There is a little too much imagination in your theory," said Franklin, with an incredulous smile. "It is hardly possible that gold, instead of being a simple body, as chemists now assert, may be a compound, though, for my part, I am inclined to doubt this. But even if it were a compound, there are a thousand chances to one that its elements and the proportions in which they are united will for ever be undiscovered. Recollect how many centuries the alchymists were engaged in pursuing this enquiry, and how singularly they failed."

"True," replied her opponent, "but the identity of electricity and lightning has only been established in our age, though the effects of both have been known for centuries."

"By the by," said another, "there are many wonderful things told of these alchymists, which are rather disgrace, but which we find it impossible to believe, as they are at variance with all that we know of nature. There was Dr. Dee who has left a record of conversations with spirits, well attested."

"That was a well to hide under the cloak," said Franklin, "and the conversations you speak of were nothing but a medium of conveying to his mistress, Queen Elizabeth, facts which he dare not trust in any other guise. No one can doubt that while he travelled on the continent he was acting the spy."

But these are other things equally extraordinary told of him. His proficiency in the mathematics was remarkable, and he was enough of a chemist to be able to compound subtle poisons for the Earl of Leicester, if the general people attributed to him the possession of the great secret of transmuting metals into gold."

"He was either an impostor or self-deluded," remarked Franklin. "But he had many really valuable qualities. What a pity Elizabeth did not adopt his suggestions, on the reform of the calendar!"

"Roger Bacon was another wonderful man, who passed for a magician. His discoveries, considering the age in which he lived, were truly astonishing."

The conversation was continued in the same strain for some time. But, at length it assumed less of a philosophic cast and turned on politics. The company were all of the same way of thinking, and events were fondly glossed over which, in another assembly, would have been studied.

"I fear there will be some difficulty in getting the Indies for you," said Franklin, turning to Paul Jones. "I saw the Minister of Marine this morning and he says the English ambassador is disposed to take umbrage at the affair, and that it will be necessary to transfer the ship to his most Christian Majesty. I am very sorry—but I fear nothing can be done."

For an instant the countenance of Paul Jones expressed the deepest mortification, for he saw, in this unfortunate circumstance, the ruin of his hopes. But once. But his was a mind that never remained long disheartened. As soon as one scheme was overthrown, he began to frame a larger. He closed his eyes, directly passed from his face, and he answered,

"Well, since Congress has thought no worthy of the trust, I can but bear the disappointment with philosophy. I must look out for another ship, and if I fail there, stick to the little Ranger."

"Bravo!" said one of the party; and the discontent of the hero did more to exalt him in the opinion of the company than even his former fine opinion. [illegible]

"By the bye," said Paul Jones, turning to me, "I had forgot to compliment you on the bravery and gallantry you displayed this morning. For a young novice such presence of mind, you will soon rise to eminence in the profession you have chosen."

I blushed at these words from one so distinguished. The company saw my embarrassment, and with courteous consideration, instead of asking me for an explanation, turned to my superior, for, as yet, the account of the accident happening to Miss Harper had not got out. Paul Jones, in answer to the general query, detailed the circumstance in full, and was ed by saying,

"I was myself a witness of the circumstance, though at a distance. There were, at least, a hundred people in the immediate vicinity, but the part intimidated and corrupt our young friend. I envy him his position with this beautiful girl."

Again I could not disguise my embarrassment, which was increased by the encomiums of the party on my courage, as the company was pleased to call my conduct in the affair.

Before I left my appartment with Miss Harper, for I took her wish expressed when we parted in the light of a command, and was glad to steal away, which I was permitted to do, though nothing had the embarrassed feelings and the desire to see the object of my passion could have induced me to abridge, for an instant, the pleasure I experienced in the conversation of these great men.

When I arrived at the splendid hotel of Mr. Harper I paused an instant before seeking admittance, for my heart throbbed violently, and my knees were so weak that I could scarcely stand. Summoning my courage, however, I advanced, knocked, and was ushered in. The blaze of lights and the magnificence of the apartments, for I was shown into a large saloon, which bore evidence of being occupied by the family in their more splendid moments, for the servants were dressing for the dinner hour, and the elegant [illegible]

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"Mary!" I said, speaking low and with great delicacy, "this cannot be helped. I must go. But I will be no coward. I will not fly from my duty. I will think only of you; for I love you with my whole soul."

She leaned her head on my shoulder and wept freely. I felt that I was beloved,—and the conviction filled my heart with a holy calm such as never before, and but once since, did I experience. Maternal like that rarely occur a second time on life.

CHAPTER IV.
THE CRUISE OF THE RANGER.

It was the 10th of April, 1778, when we put to sea in the Ranger. She was frigate built, and carried eighteen guns. Her crew consisted of one hundred and twenty-five men, in addition, for eight guns above, but her commander rejected this additional armament. Our destination was the coast of Ireland, and we were to proceed

arrival amongst them. At first, I could laugh at this, and hope that it would not influence those whose good opinion is of value. I am grieved that it has influenced yours. You will be *obliged* to change it; but until you do, I owe it to myself"—Miss Murray paused, and then added with much emotion—"and to another dearer than myself, not to bear my conduct and motives impugned with impunity." Before Mrs. Caunter had time to reply, Fanny Murray had left the room. She had hardly got into her own chamber, when Mrs. Lilly, all weakness and wonder, curtsied herself into the great lady's presence, offering apologies, without knowing why: having heard something of what had passed, she guessed a great deal more; and Mrs. Caunter had not left the house two hours, before it seemed as though some new and extraordinary event had happened to set all the women in the town gadding and talking. They discoursed about the two Mr. Caunters being "inveigled by Miss Murray,"—"Mrs. Caunter carried in a swoon from Mr. Lilly's house, after calling Miss Murray the prisoner of her peace," "Mrs. Lilly in tears to her husband, and on her knees, beseeching him to send such a penniless unprincipled creature from her house." Ladies, who had never known the eclat of refusing a lover, were outrageously indignant at the idea of Miss Murray having "entrapped" two at a time. A damsel, enthusiastic in matters of sentiment, perpetrated a "little lampoon," just for private circulation, on the subject of ladies meeting cousins after dark. The great literary oracle talked of writing an essay upon the natural weakness of female principle; and the rival M.D.'s agreed for once that Miss Murray looked very like a person who had hereditary insanity. This construction upon the strange things attributed to the poor girl was considered very charitable and Christian-like by several of the best disciplinarians in the town. But Miss Murray might have been even still more severely handled by those worthies, but for the sudden vanishment of Harold Caunter, who was reported to have mounted his horse one fine morning—the morning after Mrs. Caunter's last interview with Miss Murray—and disappeared.

Caunter Hall was beset with visitors for two entire days after these events; but all who called, even the most intimate, were received with a polite "Not at home." A peep into Mr. Lilly's house would have convinced any one that Mrs. Lilly was anxious, Miss Murray ill, Mr. Lilly amused; in fact, Mr. Lilly was not troubled with much feeling. He did not observe that his fair ward was suffering from anxiety; and if he had, he would have thought that, like Mrs. Lilly, she would certainly have a fit of hysterics, and get well immediately.

"Have you heard nothing direct from Harold?" inquired Mrs. Caunter of Edward a few days after his cousin's departure.

"No, mother," he replied sullenly; "but I dare say Miss Murray could tell, if she would, all about him. For my own part, I never wish to see his face again."

"Edward! oh, Edward!" exclaimed the mother's trembling lips.

"To be foiled by him, and fooled by her," he continued bitterly. "I would not, could not, confess it even to you, mother," he continued; "but to be *refused* by a girl that current report says has not a sixpence"——

"Refused!" repeated Mrs. Caunter in utter astonishment.

"Yes," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "and doubtless laughed, sneered at, by every creature before whom the young lady has paraded me as her rejected admirer."

"You do her wrong," said Mrs. Caunter, whose nature was far more generous than her son's, though she could hardly comprehend any woman refusing him. "You do her wrong; even to me she would not tell what passed between you, and I now regret that I behaved so strangely."

"What!" exclaimed Edward; "did you see her?"

Mrs. Caunter told him the entire truth, and even Edward—loath as he was to suppose how any girl could reject him, but still more how any penniless girl could do so—was touched by the firmness she displayed in refusing to tell the mortifying fact, even to his mother; still, her conduct with regard to Harold was inexplicable. The cousin's mysterious absence was, however, soon cleared up; for while the mother and son were talking, the postman brought a letter informing Mrs. Caunter that the writer had gone to meet an old schoolfellow in Paris on business which admitted not of a moment's delay.

Some weeks after, the maids were busily occupied in washing out the areas, rolling up the blinds, and opening the windows of the houses in the principal street of the town that had been the scene of those events: the milk women, *trim and tidy*, were sidling along with their bright tin measures, and the first coach that passed through from London had rattled through the town; the brightness of the young day was over all things, and the pure fresh air of morning was balmy and fragrant even in the streets of a close country town; when a post-chaise dashed down the street, and, to the astonishment of a group of gossiping servants, drew up at Mr. Lilly's door. Out of it sprung two gentlemen.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Spooner's maid; "if there isn't Mr. Harold Caunter, and a grander than he. I must run and wake my missus, or she'd never forgive me." In half an hour, as the servants afterwards declared, "the whole street was up;" and no wonder, for the bells were pealing forth their most noisy music; the clergyman was observed walking arm in arm with Mr. Lilly to his house. The whole place was in a bustle; Mrs. Caunter was seen to alight at, and once more enter the door of Mr. Lilly's house, where she was received by Harold. She was not in Miss Murray's presence one instant, before she perceived that her cheeks were hollow, and her eyes sunken and heavy; that her figure had lost its round- [illegible]

"Have words, unkindly and lightly spoken, done this?" thought Mrs. Caunter, when she had a moment to think, which, however, Harold hardly permitted. He hastened to introduce his aunt to his old friend, Sir Felix Raymond, the betrothed husband of Fanny Murray! Family reasons of the utmost importance prevented their marriage until the lady reached the age of twenty-one, whilst, in the meantime, it was necessary that their engagement should be kept secret. Property to a large amount would have been placed in imminent jeopardy but for these precautions. Other explanations followed from Miss Murray's own lips. She had been so fully engrossed by her affection for Sir Felix Raymond, that Edward Caunter's passionate declaration of love took her preoccupied mind by surprise, and having refused him she was far too honorable to own she had done so to his mother. On the other hand, Harold's passion received a check, in a letter addressed to him by his friend Sir Felix; "fortunately," as he said, "before his heart was altogether gone." By this he was made acquainted with the secret attachment, and became the medium of communication between the lovers; thus exciting the suspicions which gave Mrs. Caunter so much uneasiness by being sometimes seen alone with Miss Murray, and on the last occasion at an unseasonable hour. This interview occurred when at length the reasons for secrecy ceased; and Miss Murray—at the suggestion of Mr. Lilly, her man of business—intrusted Harold with some important papers, which it was necessary should be placed in the hands of Sir Felix, in Paris.

Thus ended an explanation which cost Miss Murray some effort—from the weak condition she was in—to get through. This Mrs Caunter observed with bitter self-reproach; seeing that if *she* had been decided in her manner towards Miss Murray, no one would have dared to whisper. She, too, who knew them all so well. It is those who lead in their own sphere of what is called "the world," who have the greatest sins to answer for in those matters. The wedding-day was fixed; but when it came, the bride was in the clutches of a fierce fever. Harold had managed to keep the chatterings of the people from the ears of Sir Felix, and had endeavored with his aunt to work upon Edward, so as to heal the wound his pride and self-love had received, and which prompted him to the not very uncommon revenge of saying as many bitter things as he could of the lady by whom he was rejected. The gossipers—although, of course, their tone of gossip was changed—still talked; and in one of those unaccountable ways by which stories are carried, Sir Felix heard something which he traced to Edward Caunter. A duel was the immediate consequence; and for several weeks Mrs. Caunter had to watch by the bedside of her son, who had received his adversary's fire in his shoulder. Fanny Murray recovered slowly, and in process of time was married; but her buoyant spirit had been too severely shattered to regain its elasticity for many years. Mrs. Caunter took a dislike to the town, which all Miss ———'s poetry could not remove, though the same fair hand that traced an anonymous lampoon, penned a "bridal sonnet," something about Felix and Felicia. She and her son left the neighborhood in disgust: and Harold, fine generous fellow that he was, went abroad, deprived of the society of his dearest friend, because, of course, he could not associate with Sir Felix for some years, after what had occurred with his cousin. This is no idle tale—no invention. Who is there that has not started from, or observed the effects of gossip stings, winged by the small talk of tattlers?

Items of News.

Arrest.—Milton H. Wash, who absconded from Springfield, Illinois, about twelve months since, was arrested in St. Louis recently. While acting as clerk in the Auditor's office, he by false entries in the books hid speculations to an extensive amount, and upon discovery of the fact, he took flight to Texas and has remained absent up to the present period. He acknowledged the fact when arrested, and expressed a willingness to be conducted to Springfield for trial.

For the Oregon.—General Cornelius Gilliam, of Platte county, Missouri, has published a notice that he intends to emigrate to Oregon next Spring, and that any persons desirous of accompanying him must rendezvous on the right bank of the Missouri river, opposite to Owens' landing, five miles west of Savannah, on the first Monday in May.

The Venerable Pear Tree, on the corner of the 3d Avenue and 13th street, New York, planted about 200 years ago by Gov. Stuyvesant, and of which the trunk and branches are yet in good preservation, has, as we learn from the American Agriculturist, "borne a considerable quantity of fruit this year of good quality."

I. O. O. F.—The Odd Fellows Hall, in North Gay street, Baltimore, having been greatly enlarged and almost entirely rebuilt, will be formally dedicated on the 18th inst. There will be a grand procession on the occasion, in which not only the Baltimore lodges but also those from various distant places will take part.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, September 16.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," a Tale of Florida, by Henry W. Herbert, *gratis*.

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Miss Bremer's new novel, "THE NEIGHBOURS."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It would seem sometimes, from the newspaper revelations of crimes discovered, that moral as well as physical diseases possessed an infectious or epidemic character. But while generalizing from such facts, we must be cautious lest we prove too much. Forgery, it is said, is the epidemic just now; but a little examination of the facts will show that such can hardly be the case. Murder, suicide, theft outright, assaults with intent to bruise, and other enormities which can be perpetrated impromptu, may occur upon the temptation of the eclat of reported crimes of kindred character. Suicide in particular, it has often been noted, runs like wild fire through a land; undoubtedly provoked by the unfortunate style in which the newspapers are accustomed to describe such events. Men of gloomy temperament, brooding over their misfortunes, real or fancied, begging their neighbors and kindred for sympathy, and carrying continually the wearisome tale of their woes upon their lips, frequently meet anything but commiseration. Indeed, it is generally the case, that when a man has for years obtruded his selfishness upon his friends, that he becomes a nuisance, and is rather repulsed than pitied, and is even a by word with those of his own household.

At length the victim of his own spleen becomes a misanthrope, and probably ceases to annoy others with his grievances, but broods over them in silence. Now comes the tempter to him in the newspaper. He finds, it may be daily, circumstantial accounts of "highly respected" citizens, who have, though "dearly beloved" by their relatives and friends, rushed unbidden into the presence of their Maker. Sympathy with the surviving friends of the self-murdered, pity for their grief, and a desire to alleviate it by a gentle treatment of the event, induces a highly colored eulogy upon the deceased; and the whole matter is so circumstantially detailed, as completely to enlist the morbid sympathies of the discontented splenetic.

The conclusion to which he naturally enough comes is, that the suicide has at last succeeded in forcing the commiseration which he could not command while alive—and in pursuit of this posthumous pity, and such to him it seems, posthumous fame, he rashly adds another to the newspaper catalogue of those who "do a rash act, for which, no motive can be imagined."

Such is the manner in which suicide runs as an epidemic. We have not space to follow the causes of the spread of other crimes—different entirely, it is hardly necessary to say, from those of the forgery epidemic, improperly so called. It is different from the others in the fact that the newspapers, by publishing the details do not induce the commission of new crimes, of this sort, but the betrayal of old. Every man who has paid attention to this subject must know—sad as is the truth, that forgery is a crime much more prevalent than a cursory observer would imagine. Many times it escapes undetected through the caution of the perpetrator in "taking care" of his spurious paper, and taking it up before the parties forged upon are notified; and in many cases too, where the crime is detected the temptation to compounding of felony is so strong, that the parties who, by the criminal's conviction would be losers, shield him, in order to prevent their own pecuniary loss. That is to say, they permit him to escape unexposed, if he will but shield them by taking up his forged paper.

But when the newspapers are filled with accounts of discovered forgeries, the misguided men who are trembling in secret from the fact that they are involved in like guilt, naturally lose their caution and self possession. Their faculties are paralysed, and they omit, neglect, or fear to take the same steps by which they have heretofore carried on their dangerous practices. Becoming desperate, fearful that they are suspected, or even known to be guilty, they sit down in reckless despair, and let the storm break over them, or they take some hasty step which betrays them to the public; and every exposure of a forgery increases the peril of those who are already involved in the same crime. Thus it is, we think, that forgeries come to us in the newspapers, in clouds—not that one published account of the crime prompts the commission by another person, but that one criminal's exposure causes others to be detected.

Enough of this not very pleasant theme. While the reader finds the particulars of several recently discovered forgeries in the papers, he can but notice also the relation of some instances of mercantile integrity of a truly proud character. The best is that of the old veteran, who having just received his arrears of pension, has devoted the same to payment of mercantile obligations, from which he was long since legally absolved. With what a comfortable conscience will that old man lie down in the grave, to which, in the order of nature he is hastening!

We noticed last week, the increased air of bustle and business in the good city of Philadelphia. The life and alacrity which marked the town last week continues, not only without abatement but with an evident increase. The truth appears to be, that the country merchants have worked off their old stocks of goods, and must purchase new. The new sales are made on the true business basis—cash or short credit; and of course purchasers while they buy with a proper liberality, lay out goods with no more lavish hand than the demand of their customers requires.

A short period of gloomy weather has at last given way to the delightful skies of an American autumn. The markets are liberally supplied with the later fruits, and vegetables, which, by their more mature perfection, prevent the palling upon the palate which a continuation of summer productions might produce. It is really almost enough to satisfy a hungry man to walk amid this plenty—that is to say if he understands the true secret of marketing—to believe no huckster's word without tasting for himself! It takes the women, however, to comprehend these things—not that we would make any insinuation of *that kind*, by any manner of means.

REV. ALBERT BARNES.

Our readers are aware that the Rev. Albert Barnes, of this city, has been elected to the Presidency of the Auburn, N. Y. Theological Seminary. There is no clergyman in the Presbyterian Church, who could be in such a situation more eminently useful to the Christian world than Mr. Barnes; but so great is the mutual attachment between himself and his society in this city, that he has not felt at liberty to accept the proffered post of honor and usefulness. While his society rejoice at this, such are Mr. Barnes's studious habits that the cause of religious education can hardly be said to lose anything by his determination to remain at home. By an economical adjustment of his time, which is worthy of all imitation, he is enabled to publish almost annually a valuable volume of commentary on the Scriptures, while his parochial duties are still as sedulously attended to, as if his whole time were devoted to them. It is doubtful whether in any situation he could be more useful than in his present [illegible]

THE FIREMEN, MORE FIGHTING.

There was a time when the Philadelphia Firemen held a high rank in public estimation, and merited the esteem and gratitude of their fellow citizens. The Department numbered among its members, bold, energetic, honorable and chivalric spirits—men whom danger could not appal, nor hardship or exposure deter from an active performance of their self-assumed and voluntary duties. But, within the last few years, matters have undergone a material change—a change which has cast shadows upon the Firemens' fame, and threatens to bring the whole system into dispute and disgrace.

We allude to the frequent occurrence of riots and fighting, and whilst we do so, we cannot avoid the expression of our sincere regret, that it should ever become our duty, as public journalists, to condemn the conduct of a body of men, whose public services heretofore so eminently entitled them to the city's gratitude. But the truth must be told, and when the members of the Fire Department so far lose sight of the respect due to themselves, as to participate in and tolerate conduct such as we have recently been called upon to record, it is imperative upon every friend of the fair fame of Philadelphia to speak, in terms of decided reprobation, of those who offend against public peace and decency.

It has been said, we know, that the persons who have been most active in promoting the recent outrages, were not firemen, but simply a gang of rowdies, who are in the habit of congregating in the vicinity of the houses, and running with the engines. But, admitting this to be the case, the members of the several companies do themselves and the public a grievous wrong, in permitting such creatures to infest the engine and hose houses with their presence, and most particularly do they err in suffering them even to lay hold of a rope, or identify themselves, in any way, with a service which was, in times past, and should continue to be, a service of honor. The public cannot discriminate between the actual members of a fire company, and the "boys who run with the engine," and the consequences of the misdeeds of the one set, must, inevitably, be visited upon the other, innocent though they be.

We speak but the universal voice of the people, when we reprobate the riots, fights and profanation of the holy Sabbath which have recently occurred so frequently, and hold it as disgraceful to firemen to have facts like those recorded of them, and scandalous to the city and the adjoining districts, where the arm of the law is not strong enough to prevent or punish such outrages.

Tired as we are of noticing events of this character, we are nevertheless compelled to state that on last Sunday morning another disgraceful fight occurred, the actors in which were the members, or those who seem to be members of the Moyamensing and Marion Hose Companies. The scene was in the city, near the corner of Fifth and Race streets, and the morning was made hideous by the noise, the imprecations and blasphemies which the collision gave rise to. Paving stones and brick-bats, and horns and spanners, with all other kinds of missiles were freely used, and serious injury was done to many of the participants in the affray.

It is time, high time, that these things were brought to an end. If the city and district authorities are not strong enough to quell and check disturbances like these, every consideration of order, decency and morality requires that new and additional powers should be given to them. The crisis demands a remedy. Let those in authority do their duty, by maturing and adopting such measures as the necessity of the case calls for.

THE NEW YORK FORGERY.

We gave last week an account of the perpetration of forgeries to the amount of about $30,000, by a young clerk in New York. The criminal has since been arrested, the larger portion of the money recovered. It appears that Saunders, the forger, engaged and paid for a passage in the steamship Great Western, that he arrived at her pier after she had left, and that he then engaged a couple of boatmen to pull after her, making signals for her to stop. This she would have done, but could not on the instant, on account of the current, and Saunders becoming discouraged caused the boatmen to set him on shore.

From New York he went to Boston; and there engaged passage in a packet for New Orleans. But the news of the forgery had by this time reached that city; and the young villain's careless exposure of gold and lavish expenditure of money led to his arrest, after his baggage had been placed on board. The officer who arrested him took him off his guard by calling him by his name. About $3000 were found in his possession. He is stated to have told the officer that he cared very little about the matter, as he had secured $24,000 where it could not be reached [illegible] years residence in prison.

But while these things were going on in Boston another important part of the drama was proceeding in New York. On Monday Messrs. Austin, Wilderming & Co received information from a woman who keeps a fruit shop, that a box had been placed in her possession for safe keeping which she suspected might contain the stolen property. Upon examination this proved to be the fact. The woman accounted for the possession of the box, by stating that a black woman of her acquaintance brought it to her for safe keeping, stating that it contained articles of value. After keeping it awhile the woman became unwilling to retain the charge, and wished the black woman to remove it again, who, however, declined, saying that she had kept it long enough. The boy a day or two after proposed to his mother to open it, very justly remarking that it might contain stolen goods, the discovery of which in her house might subject her to embarrassment.

The black woman accounted for the possession of the box by stating that it was put in her hands for keeping by the wife of a Frenchman, named Rogee, residing in Canal street; who, with his wife was then arrested. Meantime Mr. Wilderming one of the firm whose names had been forged, was in Boston, having left before the money was discovered, and labored hard to induce young Saunders to confess where he had concealed it. Though Saunders at first insisted that he had no accomplice, and pretended that the money not found upon his person had been thrown overboard, he at length made a confession implicating the man Rogee. Rogee was the penman who executed the forgery, Saunders as before stated being but an indifferent penman. If there are others connected with the villainy they will be undoubtedly detected. The father of the wretched young man is no longer suspected. His mother has been dead for some years.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

It is a melancholy fact now fully established, that the U. S. schooner Grampus has added another to the sorrowful catalogue of those marine disasters, from which none have escaped to describe the manner of the occurrence of the calamity. Never, until the sea gives up its dead, can the friends of the officers and crew of the ill-fated vessel know under what circumstances of terror death overtook the lost. With the fate of the Hornet, that of the Grampus must probably remain, while time lasts, an impenetrable and fearful mystery.

In such a case it should be in the power of government to administer immediate relief to the destitute and bereaved connexions of the lost. But we regret to see it stated in the Army and Navy Chronicle that the Navy Department finds itself compelled by law to withhold the hard earnings due the crew and officers of the U. S. schooner Grampus, on the last returns received from that ill-fated vessel, lest between that time and her loss they might have drawn their pay, and thus a double payment should be made. The department has received letters of the most touching character from their distressed families, and such indeed is the needy condition in which some of them have been left, that they have already offered their *claims to a pension* for what they would bring. In this too they have been baffled; the pension fund has been wasted, and money lenders will make no advances on any such claims.

This is indeed a condition of things truly pitiful, and disgraceful to the fame of a great nation. It is another illustration of the fact that while politicians are busily engaged in seeking and giving office, the great purposes for which government and officers were created are permitted to be uncared for and neglected. But railing at past omissions will not cure their evil consequences. Action should immediately be had; and the merchants and others who have the interests of the navy at heart, would honor themselves, and relieve the distressed by setting a subscription on foot immediately for the relief of the families of the lost. The officers of the Navy, with commendable liberality, have already proposed such a movement among themselves; but the people should not permit the scanty emoluments of men who are liable to the same misfortune, to be abridged in this way. Let a vigorous and generous effort be made immediately among the whole people.

RATHER A FISH STORY.

The Bunker Hill Aurora, records the capture, last week, in Lynn Bay, near Nahant, of a horse mack- [illegible]

"I'VE SEEN THIS SPOT BEFORE."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

The following beautiful lines, by the authoress of the "Wife of Leon," has alluded to one of the peculiar mysteries of our nature, which almost every one has experienced, and but few, if any, understand. We mean that dreamy and half-perplexed state of mind into which we sometimes fall, when the past, the present, and the future, seem to be drawn together into a narrow scope, and shadowy and broken ideas of recollection spring up within us, blending what we now see, with something which we have already realized, and prompting us to grasp, as by intuition, at coming events. An interesting writer on this subject has aptly spoken of these reminiscent impressions as something quite distinct in their operation from the faculty by which we recover the broken and nearly obliterated images impressed on the memory in childhood or at some far remote period of time. In the one case—that of material memory, just referred to—the images arise, at first faint, dim and indistinct, but they increase in strength as the mind dwells upon them, and labors to disengage the "tangled thread," until, by and bye, recollection obtains the mastery, and the far distant past is again before us in clearness and accuracy. Sir Walter Scott has beautifully and practically illustrated this, in his "Guy Mannering," where Harry Bertram, visiting, unconsciously, the home of his fathers, and gazing upon the scenes among which his young eyes first opened to the light, feels a tide of indistinct and hazy emotions forcing themselves upon his mind, which gather strength as they are dwelt upon, until a flood of knowledge seems to pour in upon his spirit, as if caused by the touch of Meg Merrilies' wand, and in her words

"And Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height"

he recognises with vivid distinctness, the song which once lulled his infant senses to repose, and the past is no longer a mystery to him.

But the mysterious reminiscences and recollections to which we have alluded, differ entirely from those depicted by Sir Walter Scott. They start upon the mind with a suddenness and force which prompts one to think that they spring from another birth-place than earth, and almost teach us to believe, as Eastern fables tell, that our souls had a pre-existence, and that to us belong faculties which know no mortal bounds, but remember the past, and are permitted to catch occasional glimpses of the future.

There are, we apprehend, few amongst us who have not, at some period of life, experienced feelings of this kind, and those feelings may have been awakened by apparently light and trivial causes. One who has given the subject attention says: "In gazing for the first time on a lovely prospect, a fine original picture, or an expressive countenance, as well as in listening to an affecting piece of music, how often does the dreamy, confused, yet pleasing recollection of the self-same strain, the same assemblage of soul-breathing features, the identical landscape, the same balmy, quiet air, the very rocks, skies and trees, bring home to our bosoms the lively feelings of a scene past and familiar, yet having in our memory no local habitation or name that the earth owns! Or in a first ramble by the sea-shore, in a church, on a mountain height, at a funeral, or in a crowded assemblage, these impressions may still recur, 'Again I am in a scene of which I have formerly been a witness, or in which I have been an actor.' It has been well remarked, too, that the power of exciting these mystical impressions is seldom felt more strongly, than on the first glance of some peculiar face. We meet an entire stranger, whose name, even, we may never have heard. His features are quite familiar to us, yet he resembles no one we recollect to have ever known. We recognise, at once, in their varying and eloquent expression, the gestures of a mind with which ours is already well acquainted. The language of his looks is directly intelligible—the tones of his voice are like some forgotten melody, which we instantly recall. We feel, for the moment, an entire accordance of tastes and feelings with this stranger, and have not yet thought of his character and condition of life. By the time these are ascertained, the spell is probably broken—the shadowy investiture of imagination is blown aside, and the object of our perplexed and delighted reminiscence sinks at once and forever into his real worldly character. Those with whom we are daily conversant are rarely the exciting causes of such dreams—if dreams they be—yet if placed in a novel situation with those habitually and tenderly dear to our affections, how often does the thought occur: 'Have I not, in some former and half-forgotten time, lived over the same moments—experienced the same sensations—enjoyed the same delicious repose of mind? The same tree and verdure were around me; there was the same insect hum; the brook sung the self-same melody—but'" [illegible] shadowy reminiscences, which one could, at times, half believe to be indeed conjured up from some earlier stage of the soul's eternal progress, and which almost tempt us to say,

"Ah, sure! as Hindoo legends tell,
When Music's tones the bosom swell,
The former scenes of life return,
Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
We left our parent climes afar,
Immured in *mortal forms* to mourn."

But, Messrs. Editors, I have, with my remarks and quotations, made an essay of what I merely designed should be an introductory notice to an extract from a new work of great merit, which has just been published. I do not pretend to say that the verses I append furnish the best specimen of the poetical genius of the authoress, but the subject is one which is peculiar in its nature, and its reading awakened in my mind a sense of similarity of sentiment, and led me to select it as well for its peculiarity, as for the train of reflections which it excited in my mind.

LINES

I have seen this spot before—
'Tis a strange, mysterious truth;
Yet my foot hath never pressed this shore,
In childhood or in youth,
I know these ruins gray,
I know these cloisters dim—
My soul hath been in these walls away,
When slumber chains each limb

In a dream, a midnight dream,
I have stood upon this heath,
And beyond this blue and winding stream,
And the lonely vale beneath,
The same dark sky was there,
With its bleak shade on my brow,
The same deep feeling of despair,
That clings about me now

Friend, 'tis a fearful spell,
That binds these ruins gray,
Why came my spirit here to dwell
When my frame was far away?
Can the wild and soaring soul
Go out on its eagle sweep,
And traverse earth without control,
While the frame is wrapt in sleep?

Hath memory caught a gleam
From a life whose term is o'er,
And borne it back in that mystic dream—
Say, have I lived before?
Or was prophetic power
To that midnight vision lent?
Is my fate bound up in this ruined tower?
Speak! thou art eloquent.

CALICO PRINTING.

We find the following statistics in relation to calico printing in the Rochester Democrat:—The first effort of the art was made by a company in Taunton, Massachusetts, in 1825, when calicoes were from three to six times their present price. The pioneer enterprise failed, but other manufactories started up. The gradual decline of duties on foreign prints after 1832, affected the prosperity of the American works, but they took a fresh start under the last tariff. The revival of business has given them new vigor, and the number of machines now in operation is one hundred and twenty. In 1836 over 150,000,000 yards of calicoes were imported. Last year the importations fell off to 15,000,000 yards, while the American prints made in 1842, reached the enormous amount of 158,028,000 yards, worth $14,000,000. The capital employed in all branches of the business is not far from $8,000,000. The tables are now turned, and instead of importing, the United States are beginning to export calicoes. In quality, the domestic article will fairly compete with the foreign.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

As all particulars relative to favorite authors are pleasant to their readers, we copy a few facts about "Charlotte Elizabeth." She is a Mrs. Tonna, whose first husband was a clergyman, with whom she did not live very harmoniously, owing to some peculiarities of his temper. Her present husband is Secretary to one of the London institutions, and is ten years or more younger than his wife. They are said to live together very happily. Mr. and Mrs. Tonna resided at Blackheath, county of Kent, about five miles from London.

A JOCKEY-TRICK.

The Boston Post tells a good story of a gentleman who bought a fine-looking horse, but, on attempting to go over to Charlestown, found he could not prevail on him to cross a bridge—a trick he had got. He accordingly advertised him for sale, certifying that the horse was sound, and sold for no fault "except the owner wished to leave the city." If he had added the words "and could'nt," he would have told the whole story. That "gentleman" will do, without [illegible]

A SECRET LOST.

Most of our readers doubtless remember the announcement made a few years ago of a wonderful discovery which had been made in Italy, by which human flesh could be preserved in a petrified state, and still retain its original color. We had lost sight of and forgotten this curious statement, until the other day we encountered a letter in the National Intelligencer, written from Florence by Dr. Thomas Sewall of Washington. The Dr. Says:

"Here I found many things in my own profession particularly worthy of notice. The first is the anatomical cabinet of models in wax, the largest and most perfect in the world, exhibiting every organ and tissue of the human body in its natural state. The next is the lymphatic preparations made by the celebrated Marcau; thirdly, the specimens in morbid anatomy which have been accumulating for years in the Museum of the College; and, lastly, the petrifactions of the lamented Sagato. That you may the better understand the subject, I must here give you a few words touching the history of Sagato.—He was an ingenious Italian, who a few years ago discovered a process by which the human body could be converted into stone in about two weeks time, each part still retaining its natural structure, organization, and color. I saw the leaf of a centre table which was composed of the different tissues and organs of the human body which Sagato had petrified, arranged in the form of mosaic work, the whole of which admitted of a fine polish. I recognised several parts of the body by the color and form which entered into the composition of this table. I examined also, serpents, fishes, and several separate parts of the human body thus preserved. The importance of this discovery was seen and appreciated by the medical profession, but, while the government had the subject of rewarding Sagato and of purchasing his secret under consideration, he became impatient and dissatisfied with so slow a movement, and was taken sick of fever. While in a state of delirium he threw all the papers which contained an account of the process in the fire.

"Just before he expired he came to himself, regretted the loss of his papers, and made an effort to communicate the secret, but he was too feeble to do so; and thus was lost this important discovery about four years since. In less than three weeks after Sagato's death proposals were received from three different sources, the acceptance of either of which would have made him independent for life. Various efforts have been made to recover the secret, and a young physician of Italy has discovered the method of petrifying bodies, but not of retaining the natural color. There is one other object of much interest at Florence which I must mention. It is the Orthopedic Institution of Tuscany for the cure of crooked limbs, club feet, curved spine, wry neck, &c. It is under the direction of an eminent physician, and is patronized by the government. I met here young ladies from England, Scotland, America and different parts of the continent of Europe, some of whom were quite restored and ready to return to their friends."

TERRIBLE ACCOUNT.

The survivors of the defenders of Baltimore made arrangements to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Baltimore on Tuesday, but we regret to state that the festivities of the day were marred by a frightful accident. The "defenders of Baltimore" paid a visit to their brother patriots in the ancient borough of York. When eight miles from the latter place, a distressing accident took place to the train occupied by these persons. An axletree of one of the passenger cars suddenly broke, causing the one behind it to rush with terrible effect into the former, whereby the most serious consequences ensued. Two of the cars were thrown from the track, and in the contact, one with the other, the persons *standing on the platform* between the cars, sustained fearful injuries. Those in the cars escaped. The scene was of a most distressing character. The sufferers were lying by the road side, extended upon cushions taken from the cars; happily, assistance was at hand, and such relief was extended to them as the nature of their injuries required.

Among those dangerously injured we find the following:—

John Cooper, of the Defenders, a ship joiner of Fell's Point; his left leg is apparently lacerated, his head cut, and other injuries, which, with his advanced age, will probably cause the loss of his life.

Mr. Peter McCabe, of Baltimore, engaged at the Susquehanna depot, has both legs broken, and is evidently in a very low condition.

Mr. Samuel Childs, coachmaker, of Baltimore, seriously hurt, and is very low.

David Pugh, foreman of the gas house, has both thighs broken, and is otherwise injured.

Many others were more or less hurt, but none dangerously, except those mentioned above. This most painful misadventure completely marred the enjoyment of the day, and will make its anniversary one of sorrow to many families. Another casualty occurred in Baltimore. In firing a salute sponging the piece was neglected, and the charge prematurely exploded.

Frederick Henn, of the New York National Grays, who was assisting a soldier from the Fort, named [illegible], who had undertaken to charge the gun, were before the [illegible] of the piece, and of course received in their faces the [illegible] of the explosion. It is feared Mr. Henn will lose one [illegible] being rendered entirely blind for the time being. The entire side of the face is much injured. The face of [illegible] is still more burned. He was taken to the Fort [illegible] unable to see.

AN HONEST OLD MAN.

The New Haven Courier states that Deacon Nathan Beers, of that city, recently received about $3000, rear pay, to which he was entitled as an officer of the revolutionary army. He had been an active soldier in the revolution. After the war was over, he engaged in business, but in 1820 he failed, and paid off his confidential creditors, as one class was called, but the ordinary creditors received nothing, until about ten years since, when out of his pension he paid them fifteen per cent. When he recently received his back pay of $3000, he immediately divided it among his creditors, notwithstanding he is ninety years of age, and the debts long since were outlawed, and no legal claims existed against him. Such an act of generosity the creditors and their surviving heirs would have rejected at once, but he resisted, and insisted upon their receiving their several amounts, although the money was the reward of his services, for toil and peril endured during the revolutionary struggle.

ANOTHER FORGERY.

A few months since a man named J. C. Whitmore contracted with government to make "Friction Primers," an article used for exploding artillery, of which he was the inventor, to the amount of $25,000 for the Government; the terms were that they were to be furnished at $15 per thousand. Whitmore, however, by representing the sum offered at $50 per thousand, induced a man named Burr to engage in the business with him and to advance $1000 in cash. He employed about one hundred hands, and was supposed to be doing a thriving business. Last week, however, some drafts on government, which had been cashed by a New Haven Bank, in advance, upon being presented to the proper officer in New York for payment, proved to be forgeries. The amount of these drafts was $2400. Whether Whitmore has pursued a similar course with other banks, remains to be discovered. He has absconded.

SINGULAR—IF TRUE.

The Spirit of the Times tells a story to which affidavit has not yet been made before an Alderman. We presume the account was furnished by the "exclusive reporter," on which the Spirit prides itself. All our readers know that there was a scandalous fight among the firemen on Sunday morning last, near the corner of Fifth and Race—and we sincerely trust the miscreants engaged in it will be sent to Moyamensing. But all do not know how the neighborhood eventually got rid of the noise and nuisance. It seems that it happened to be near Wright's Indian Vegetable Pill establishment, and discovering that the watch and the police could do nothing with the mob, a shrewd fellow induced Mr. Wright to throw a quantity of his pills out of the window into the melee. The effect was wonderful and instantaneous! They began to "work" directly; and in five minutes "cleared out" the rioters completely!

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Mr. John Davis, a traveller, was robbed on the 28th ult., on the public highway, in Cambria county, between one of the inclined planes of the Portage Railroad and the town of Ebensburg. He was met by three men, who, after unsuccessfully asking him for fifty cents, pulled him from his horse, and robbed him of thirty-four dollars. They attempted to stab him, and, had not the point of the dirk knife which was aimed at him come in contact with a silver half dollar in his waistcoat-pocket, his life would most probably have been lost. One of the robbers held a pistol to his head, threatening him with instant death if he made any resistance.

YUCATAN.

Late advices from Yucatan represent the authorities as making preparations for an expected renewal of the contest with Santa Anna. It was said the terms he proposed as the basis of peace would not be accepted. They were, in brief, that the Yucatecos are to collect their duties according to the present form, and their general interior regulations will be continued. Their troops are to aid Santa Anna to [illegible]

THE UNITED BOWMEN.

The sixteenth Annual Prize Meeting of the United Bowmen was held on Wednesday afternoon, at Sherwood, on Washington Lane, Ridge Road. The "butts" were placed at seventy-two yards apart, and the shooting commenced at four o'clock. Fourteen rounds of six arrows each were discharged, two hundred and twelve of which struck the target, valuing in the aggregate seven hundred and twenty-six "points." The shooting was of more than usual excellence. A great number of shots having been lodged in the "gold," or centre of the target, and the award of prizes at the close was as follows:

The Club Bowl to Franklin Peale, Esq., 31 hits—value 117, four of them being in the "gold."

The second prize, a silver cup, to J. C. Booth, Esq. 21 hits—value 77.

The third prize, a silver cup, to Titian R. Peale, Esq., for the hit nearest the centre, the arrow having lodged exactly in the centre of the "gold."

The fourth prize, or Dononian as it is called by the Club, to W. H. W. Darley, Esq. This prize is a silver arrow, and like the bowl, is retained by the winner for one year only.

VIOLENT STORM.

Much injury was done to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, by a heavy fall of rain, on the morning of the 7th inst. A culvert at Peecker's Mill, about two miles west of Harper's Ferry, about thirty feet deep, and extending seventy feet along the track, was entirely washed away; and at Little Cacapon, more than three hundred feet of the road was destroyed. Great damage was done at several other points, and the effect was to stop, for a time, the transit of all passengers and merchandise. The officers of the Company, on learning the extent of the injury, went to work vigorously, and now, the whole line of the road has been sufficiently repaired to admit of trade and transportation going on as usual. This fact speaks volumes in favor of the energy and ability of the Company and its agents.

A VETERAN.

A Dumfries, Scotland paper, states that old Seargeant Reid, who was in the ranks at the battle of Bunker Hill and an actor in many other deeds of arms, still survives, although in the 108th year of his age; but he is no longer able to sit at the door, basking himself in the sun, and crooning or lilting songs he learned in youth, or at mess table, when he had become a tall athletic, powerful man. A short time ago he was struck with paralysis, which deprived him of the power of locomotion. When visited lately, he was found fast asleep; his breathing unimpeded, his chest broad and deep, and his arms brawny and muscular as ever.

THE CARTER TRIAL.

The defence in the case of Carter, on trial in New Jersey, charged with the murder of the Castner family, have riddled down the circumstantial evidence for the prosecution, pretty effectually. The letter on which so much stress has been laid, is shown not to have been sent until two days after the murder; and the weight of the testimony against the accused appears to be narrowed down to the fact that he was very poor just before the murder and quite flush after it. The case has by this time gone to the jury.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, (England) August 17th, 1843.

Pray do not imagine that you have all the modern prophecies to yourselves, in the rhapsodies of Father Miller and Joe Smith; for we can match, aye, and even beat you as far as the "probabilities" are concerned. For example—a few weeks since, a well known French lady, *Madame Le Normand*, died in Paris. When dying, she uttered many predictions, two of which I send you, as being particularly adapted to the present moment. Your readers will set what value upon them they please:—

"England! England!! For thee the day of Expiation approaches. Ireland rejoice! The hour of Vengeance has struck; thy tribune prepares thy deliverance. Now I see Blood, Battles, on all sides the horrors of Destruction. Scaffolds are erected. Unfortunate Queen! Victoria should not be thy name, for thou art Vanquished!!!"

The next is singularly applicable to Spanish affairs at the present moment:—

"King of Spain by right of legitimacy, Listen! Look about and know how to profit by circumstances. A Crown will soon fall, and to pick it up, thou wilt have but one day, but one hour, but one moment!"

Now, as Ireland and Spain are the two countries that occupy the attention of all Europe, just now, these predictions have naturally excited a sensation—particularly among the credulous and superstitious.

The excitement in Ireland still continues. As the newspapers teem with particulars, it would be a work of supererogation on my part to dwell upon the subject, further than to say that the people here are singularly apathetic in relation to it. The whole matter creates little concern or uneasiness beyond the precincts of Government and Parliament. Sir Robert Peel seems to have two alternatives in his policy—one, that in the event of open revolt, he is prepared for the [illegible]—the other, that if the agitation be left to itself, it will die out for want of fuel; and the Ministers argue that opposition would not only supply it with fuel, but kindle a fire into the bargain. One thing is clear, namely—that it is not mixed up with the powerful Whig opposition against the present Ministry, for O'Connell has declared that he will have nothing to do with the Whigs, for when they were in power, they were quite as bad as the Tories, if not worse. Therefore, says he—

"——— a plague on both your houses!
Capulet and Montague."

There is, however, one feature in the excitement, which becomes more prominent every day, and that is, that it is fast merging into a question between Catholics and Protestants. True, a few, but only a few of the "Orange" (Protestant) party have gone over; but the circumstance of mass being publicly performed at the great meetings in the open air, imparts a religious tinge to all the proceedings. There is one noble trait in the character and policy of O'Connell—that of keeping the peace, and also keeping within the limits of the law and Constitution. There can be no doubt that the agitation will result in important concessions to Ireland; but not, probably, until the present popular fever has subsided. Indeed, Sir Robert Peel has declared that the Government would not consider the matter under any threats, either expressed or implied. Another of Ireland's great men is producing quite a reform in London. I mean Father Mathew, who is holding immense meetings in and near the Metropolis, and inducing thousands and tens of thousands to take the Temperance pledge. His victories are more brilliant, and far more useful to mankind than the triumphs of an Alexander or a Cæsar!

The sceptre has passed from the Regent, Espartero, in Spain. But I do not imagine for a moment that the Peninsula is about to enjoy repose. No! Within a few months, another revolution will doubtless convulse that unhappy land, which seems in some unaccountable manner, to be delivered over to faction, anarchy and bloodshed. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving you one little anecdote, culled from many that have been circulated in relation to the Spanish civil war. The city of Seville was bombarded by Espartero, and defended by General Figuera. During the seige, the General feared for the safety of his wife, and wrote her the following letter:

"My dear Marie:—The enemy has opened his fire; I will increase mine, which has already done him much injury. Be not alarmed. Should you, however, fear the bombs, go wherever you think you will be in safety. I am certain of success. Adieu."

The following was the reply of the soldier's wife. It will be recorded in history, as the answer of a heroine.

"My dear Francisco:—It is many days since I came to the resolution to wait at my post as a soldier, the will of God. Here will I, if called on, bind up the wounds of my son and loving husband. My departure would be an act unworthy thy wife, unworthy the mother of your children. May the Almighty preserve you in the hour of danger, and may glory and success crown your patriotic efforts. Adieu."

Figuera was successful, and Espartero retired from before the walls.

I hardly know whether you will be pleased to hear that we have every prospect of an abundant harvest, as such news seems to imply that little or no wheat will be wanted from America. Yet such is the probability at present. By the way, I have often thought that your political writers commit an error, when they imagine that the entire abolition of the British Corn Laws would be followed by an immense export of wheat from the United States into England. Now, that trade does not depend upon the Corn Laws so much as on the *price* of American wheat. For example—when there is a short crop here, wheat is imported (whether the Corn Laws be high or low) [illegible] in price than the grain from those parts of the world—it will find a ready market; but if higher, there is naturally no demand from it in this country. I observe that at this time, and indeed very often, American wheat is from 2d to 5d per bushel higher than a similar article from the parts of the world I have mentioned. Believe me, if you could sell it at a lower rate, this country would take half, perhaps the whole of your surplus produce. The hint should not be lost sight of, for the benefit of all parties concerned. I am aware that it will not equally apply to flour, as your wonderful facilities for grinding, enable you to sell as low, but certainly not lower than other nations. Your cottons are up, and still looking upwards on this side the Atlantic; but the new Tariff has greatly decreased the export of manufactures to you from this country. Consequently the balance of trade is completely turned in your favor.

I have very little chit-chat to send you to-day, and will therefore confine myself to a somewhat curious movement in the literary world. The *Marquis de Custine*, a French nobleman, has written a scathing work on Russia, exposing a vast amount of what society would call *mauvais ton*, and what civilized nations would term barbarism and tyranny. This work has excited the greatest interest in the fashionable world; the noble author was admitted to the Imperial family circle and treated quite as a friend, but this has not prevented his publishing some home truths and piquant anecdotes on the subject of the tyranny of the Russian Government. The Russians here are furious at the book; the Emperor of Russia has read it aloud to his domestic circle, often stopping to comment upon it; this intelligence comes from a person who was present at some of the readings. The King of Prussia has also had the work read to him by the Baron de Humboldt. M. de Balzac, the very clever romance writer, has left Paris for Russia, and I hear from the best authority, that the Emperor is to pay his journey, on condition that he refutes M. de Custine.

On dit, that you Yankees are the most sensitive people in creation, if a writer publishes any thing that does not harmonize with your ideas of national greatness. But really you are philosophers in this particular, when compared with the Autocrat of the North. You see that he has entered the lists, all in a foam, and to conduct the battle properly, he has actually *hired* a champion to break a lance with that French Dickens, *le Marquis de Custine*. Balzac, the Emperor's Champion, will be munificently paid, if he will only refute Custine's work, which is entitled "Russia in 1839." A treaty has been made to that effect, and some of the articles of this extraordinary treaty have been published by one of the Paris journals:—"M. de Balzac shall be received at St. Petersburgh with all the honors due to his talent. The Government places at his disposal a palace, situated in the finest quarter of the city, to be newly decorated and luxuriously furnished by the Intendant of the *Menus-plaisirs* of the crown. He shall have eight servants, four horses, a Berlin, a sledge, and a table of *six* covers, kept up at the expense of the State. The French author shall enjoy all the privileges granted to a Russian gentleman; he will have the right to administer the knout to his servants. He will be received at the large and small parties of the court, and invited to all the fêtes which the ministers, ambassadors, and other great persons may give. During the summer, he shall have an apartment in one of the Imperial residences, and if he should wish to visit the provinces, the relays of the court shall be at his service." There are more articles to this Treaty—that is, if it be truly described by the Parisians, but they are too long for the limits of a letter. They are chiefly, that:—M. Balzac is to reside five years in Russia.

That he is to write five volumes on Russia.

That the Emperor will reward him with a fortune.

If he be a poet, he will surely come out with a few odes—"*Ad Cilnium Mecenatem*"—or "*Ad Augustum*"—as of old, after the manner of the great master of the ancient Roman lyre. Truly Yours, &c.

General News.

A Struggle with a Tiger.—We learn, says the Pittsburg American, that the keeper of the Menagerie lately here, while exhibiting in New Castle, Mercer, entered the den of wild beasts as was his wont, and whilst playing with his savage customers had his arm dreadfully torn by the tiger. He was lying on his back at the time, and with great presence of mind, he raised his foot, and with a sudden exertion of it, threw the tiger from and gained his feet; and awing the brute back by his manner, retired from the cage, and fainted from the effects of the wound. It is feared his arm will have to be amputated.

A Cool Rascal.—Immediately after the report of the robbery of the Milbury Bank, Jeremiah Larned, one of those arrested since for the robbery, went and presented eight hundred dollars, in Milbury Bank bills, to the cashier for payment, on pretence that the report would have an unfavorable effect on the bank. The cashier paid him the amount in other funds, and soon after Abijah came with eight hundred dollars more. The cashier hesitated some time about paying him, but finally he consented to receive one hundred dollars for his present purposes, and wait a day or two for the remainder.

Molasses from Corn.—Mr. William Keyes, of Quincy, Ill., has succeeded in making very good molasses out of the common sweet corn. On the 19th of August, (he says in a communication to the Quincy Whig) he cut off the tops, and "took a dearborn load to the mill at Theophis, prepared for the purpose, and pressed out about eleven gallons of juice, which I immediately evaporated at two charges to about two and a half gallons of molasses; the first charge I did not succeed well in clarifying, and scorched it; the second, I think, succeeded very well."

A Noble Act.—Some two years since, the extensive commission house of P. S. Shelton & Co., of Boston, failed, in consequence of reverses in business—and their creditors compounded with them for fifty cents on the dollar, giving them a complete discharge. We learn from the Atlas that P. S. Shelton, the junior member of the firm, who, by his industry and good fortune has since accumulated some property, on Tuesday of last week, made a new dividend of twenty five per cent. upon the full amount of the cancelled demands against his former house.

Rather Precipitate.—When the fact of the Milbury Bank having been robbed of a package of its bills was first announced, it was remarked that three bills on that bank had been paid out by a storekeeper. Search warrants were issued, the store was ransacked from garret to cellar, and the persons who kept it were arrested and examined. Then, for the first time, the question was asked *when* the money had been paid, and it was found that it had been paid five days *before* the robbery occurred.

A Discovery.—Capt. Cooke, of the United States Dragoons, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, has discovered a new kind of grass which grows wild in that section of country, and which he thinks will prove a valuable addition to the agricultural interest of the country. The rich grain which it bears forms the principal food of countless herds of Buffaloes on the Prairies. Capt. Cooke picked a pint of the grain with his fingers, and intends to send it to the National Institute, by the first opportunity.

A Veteran.—A gallant old "seventy-sixer," Major William Buchanan, now in his 96th year, has arrived in Washington to make his eighteenth draft of pension allowed him by Government. He still walks without tottering, and speaks distinctly. He was out with Marion in the Carolina swamps, and belonged to a brigade of horse during the Southern campaign, of which he bears the tokens in the shape of scars.

An Immense Iron Mine has been discovered at Canton, Md., extending along the shore as well as some distance into the river. The outer edge of the mine has been walled up, and large quantities of ore have been raised, which good judges pronounce to be equal in quality to any that has been discovered in the United States. One of the largest iron furnaces in the country is now in progress of erection near the place.

A Mammoth Squash.—The Columbus (Geo.) Inquirer says:—"A monster, of the squash species, has been presented to us by Mr. Ira Allen, of Stewart co. We have been raised measurably on *simblins*, but this little sample rather makes us ashamed of our fetching up. It is about five feet in circumference, weighs seventy-three pounds, and seems from its greenness not to be yet grown."

☞ The last Maysville, Ky., Eagle, contains a letter dated the 4th inst., which states that on that evening, when the steamer Ohio Mail was a short distance below Augusta, Ky., a deck passenger named Brown, said to be laboring under mania a potu, threw a young man into the river from the after guards of the boat, and then jumped overboard. Both were drowned.

☞ During the prevalence of a thunder storm at New Orleans on the 3d inst., a saw mill at the old basin was struck by lightning, and the owner, Mr. [illegible]

☞ The Boston Mercantile Journal of Saturday says:—"The country never looked better than at the present time. The fields and pastures are of a deep green—and the farmers in many places are getting their second crops of clover and others kinds of hay in. Indian corn looks well, and if the frost will hold off a short time longer, a large crop may be expected."

The Tyler Estates.—A Washington correspondent of the Boston Post, says:—President, since his accession, has bought himself a farm in Williamsburgh, Va., for which, it is said, he has paid $12,000. An estate which for many years he has owned in Kentucky, has lately much increased in value from the discovery of a coal mine within its boundaries.

Prolific.—A negro woman, nearly 55 years of age, belonging to a creole family in the parish of St. Landry, has had *thirty five children*. Her first child was born at the age of twenty-five. She gave birth to twins five times, to triplets three times. Twenty of her children are at present living. These facts are stated on the authority of an Opelousas paper.

Falling Away.—A letter in the New York Tribune, dated "Keokuk, Iowa Territory, Aug 27th," states that during this Spring and Summer, the Mormons have had great additions principally from England; symptoms of disloyalty to Joe Smith, are already becoming apparent, and there are many who do not hesitate openly to manifest it.

☞ The present Mayor of St. beville, in the Manche, France, who is 82 years old, has filled the office for more than fifty years, having uninterruptedly contrived to hold under the Republic, the Consulate, the Empire, the first Restoration, the Hundred Days, the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and the Revolution of July, and Louis Philippe.

Fraud in Indigo.—The Bostonians have discovered spurious indigo in their market. A chemist says:—"On testing the so-called Manilla indigo, I found it to contain Prussian blue, and chromate of iron, with potash, and not a particle of indigo." Legal proceedings have been instituted against the sellers of the spurious article.

The Long Island Murder.—The trial of Anthoine Geisler, for the murder of the old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in Suffolk county, Long Island, was terminated at River Head, on Friday night of last week, at twelve o'clock, by the jury rendering a verdict of *guilty*. The sentence of court will be suspended until May next.

Sentenced.—Young Corson, who was arrested and indicted at Bangor for the robbery of the post office, by abstracting a letter containing a check for $500, has been arraigned before the United States District Court at Wiscasset, where he plead guilty, and was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the county jail.

A Liverpool Liner Turned a Whaler.—The Splendid New York Ship South America, has been sold to Messrs. Fletcher & Brothers, Providence, R. I., for $18,000 cash—wines, plate &c., included. She will proceed forthwith on a whaling voyage, with all her stylish appurtenances and small stores.

A Dog Picked up at Sea.—The ship Oswego, at New York from Liverpool, on the 27th ult., on the Grand Banks, picked up a large Newfoundland dog. The noble animal, when taken up, was nearly exhausted. It is probable he fell overboard from some fishing smack in that vicinity.

Large Fees.—The Journal of Commerce states that the fees of the Clerk in that District, in bankruptcy, have amounted to fifty thousand dollars, and those of the assignee, Mr. Waddell, to one hundred thousand, while the Courier has received over twenty thousand for advertisements.

☞ The Troy, (N. Y.) Budget says, that a Camp Meeting recently held at Sand Lake, was greatly disgraced by repeated riots and other disturbances. A lad, a resident of Troy, was so injured in a fight that he died, and a man named Evert King, was stabbed in an affray and much injured.

The Smiths will have a pretty strong delegation in the next Congress. Robert goes from Illinois, Thomas and Caleb go from Indiana, and John is a candidate in Vermont. If some of the Smiths are unfortunate, there are others of the family who can boast of better luck.

An Attack upon a Bank.—A German entered the Bank of St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago, and demanded a share of the "hard." He grabbed at a stack of gold, but the teller disputed the right of seizure in the German, and Herr was grabbed by the police.

☞ The Hon. Minthorn Tomkins, of Staten Island, New York, has presented a lot of ground to the ladies of the Samaritan Society, upon which to build a commodious edifice or manufactory for the accommodation and employment of destitute females.

☞ A Mr. John Stoddard, has a plantation of Pine Apples on Danfuskie Island, Georgia, and it is stated by the Savannah Georgian, confidently expects that this delicious exotic can be successfully cultivated in that region.

New Coal Mine.—A coal mine has been discovered in driving the Old Tunnel, two miles west of Mauch Chunk, of about fifteen feet thick—an important discovery, as it is so near the place of shipment.

☞ A young man, a clerk in the drug store of Mr. Norbert Fortier, in New Orleans, committed suicide on the 3d inst., by swallowing some prussic acid in a cup of tea. He was mentally deranged at the time.

☞ A lad, only 17 years of age, who has been employed for some time past as a mail carrier between Winesburgh and New Garden, Ohio, has been arrested for stealing letters from the mail bags.

☞ The Concord, Mass., Railroad Company have on their road five locomotive engines, named the Amoskeag, Piscataquog, Hooksett, Penacook, and Souhegan. Regular jaw breakers.

☞ The Lawrence Manufacturing Company, at Lowell, have just declared a dividend of five per cent., for six months, reserving nearly an equal amount of profits.

☞ The Kanhawa (Va.) Republican, comes to us dressed in mourning, for the death of the Hon. Lewis Summers, one of the Judges of the General Court of that State.

☞ Rev. John O. Chowles, a highly esteemed clergyman of New York, has accepted the call of a Baptist Church in Roxborough, near Boston.

☞ The corner stone of a new Methodist Episcopal Church was laid in Sands street, Brooklyn, L. I., on Tuesday.

Local Intelligence

Democratic City Ticket.—The following is the Democratic City ticket:—

For Mayor—Samuel H. Perkins.

For Congress—Joseph C. Neal.

House of Representatives—Charles V. Hagner, George Emlen, Henry Horn, N. B. Leidy, John F. Read.

Select Council—Robert Ewing, J. A. Phillips, Thomas Roney, Ferris Price.

Common Council—James Page, Robert Allen, David C. Skerrett, Daniel P. Bussier, Wm. Camm, John M. Read, William Geisse, Thomas C. Bunting, Samuel Beatty, George Smith, James M. Linnard, Henry S. Patterson, Evan Rogers, L. M. Troutman, Allen Robbinett, Jacob Reed, James Bell, G. G. Westcott, T. B. Florence, James Keith.

The Whig Council Ticket.—The Whig Delegates of the city have made the following nominations for Select and Common Council. *For Select Council*—Thomas C. Rockhill, Charles Gilpin, John Trucks, Wm. Morris. *For Common Council*—J. C. Davis, Jacob Senneff, Henry C. Corbit, C. A. Poulson, Samuel Norris, N. Gordon, Owen Sheridan, George Campbell, Isaac Barton, Thomas Snowden, J. R. Flannegan, C. A. Repplier, T. C. Percival, James J. Boswell, Wm. L. Maddock, J. E. Hagert, Andrew R. Chambers, John Devereaux, A. J. Lewis, Peter McCall.

Whig County Ticket.—The Whig County Delegation, have formed the following county ticket:—*For Senate*, William Wagner, of Germantown. *For Assembly*, Peleg B. Savery, John D. Hardy, Southwark; Wm. Penn Feeney, Moyamensing; J. P. Steiner, William Macferran, Northern Liberties; John B. Barnes, William Curry, Spring Garden; Charles Kullbaum, Kensington.

Improvements.—The improvements in the north and north-western parts of Spring Garden during the present season have been very extensive. Large rows of buildings have been put up beyond Green street, north, and Ninth street, west. No doubt two hundred houses have been erected and put in process of erection since the season commenced.

Fourth Congressional District.—The Whig Delegates of the Fourth Congressional District, have nominated William Connard as the candidate for [illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Remember most always state the County whence from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, and receive the publishing arrearages, &c.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, Saturday Visiter, Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilmer.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Hamilton and Butler, Michigan, assisted by Messr. Meeker, Jos. R. Smith, O. H. Comstock, &c. &c. [Hamilton, J. T. Post and Times.

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by James H. Stevenson, is our Agent for Jefferson, Ky.

HENRY M. LAWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Mississippi.

EDWARD C. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West, for Graham's Magazine, Post, and Lady's World. [Office 107 Bank of the State, cor. Hickory Pine.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collector for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin Territory.

ALANSON ST. CLAIR, Rochester, N. Y. Penn. is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Rochester.

Notices of New Works.

THE WIFE OF LORD, and other Sketches, Boston, Post TWO SISTERS OF THE WEST. *New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* 12mo. pp. 250. a volume resembling not up to its exterior, and in typography elegant; preparing the reader to expect purity of conception and style. And we know that the publication was advertised upon, in these matter of fact days, when debutantism in verse would appear to be the supreme requirement, by advice of a writer whose charm to the character of a true poet is better settled than perhaps that of any other American. Not even the bitterness of partizan politics has ever been able to protect to attach his poetry.

The poems in the New York thin volume is composed, it is proper to state were written without any idea to their publication—and for no other reasons than the family circle. The author was induced to publish by the judgment of friends indicate authors to appear in print, the soundness of their judgment will be found fully supported by this volume. It is not to be supposed in any recent publication so much of that spirit of true power, to which all minds interest and unstained respond, as in this little book of poems. Indeed, in a great variety of themes—in some places showing a Homan-like power of thought and expression. We contented that the work is the result of a lady—a lady even who would make a most acceptable present to the gentler sex.

The editor of the New York Evening Post, with an opinion we have already spoken of, that speaks of the poems in terms of high commendation. We quote a single: "It is the poetry of the effortless expression with great sweetness and naturalness, in graceful and flowing measures. In studying over the day's paper will be found no extract from the work, with some prefatory observations, for which we are indebted to a friend."

MEMORIES OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND, DURING THE REVOLUTION, IN 1688, TO THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE SECOND. *By Mrs. John Hervey.* 12mo. pp. 316. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* Mrs. Hervey Jesse is widely known to the lovers of court gossip, as the author of Memoirs of the Court of England, under the reign of the Stuarts. He is an industrious collector of nonsense illustrative of character; and in the present instance has made a book that is not only historious, he presents matter quite fresh to the general reader. A portion of it—and no large portion to—is one thing to be creditable to copy that indicated in this, those volumes have great advantage in point of importance. They are not brought out under patronage of the Lord This, Thane, or The Other—and so the author strives, somewhat desperately at times, to make an interesting book, there is no concealing or palliation of the vices of the court. But what is sometimes called "the best blood" in pure now, it has sometimes been most contaminated. Many who are proud to trace their lineage and descent from high ancestry, might be ashamed to have the record written by the hand, could they be restored to earth again.

The—seven we think there are—of Mr. Jesse's volumes form a very valuable appendage to English history, which no student would willingly forego the possession of. But adieu to the prestige of rank and antiquity if we read only the worst traits of the men who are placed on their true level; and no republican can rise from the perusal without feeling a contempt for the petty misdemeanors and vices of those whom fortune have heredotise commanded a sort of respect. It is proper to add, however, that the picture is by no means all black.

THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. *Edited by Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Grahams, 98 Chesnut Street.* In this country we have illustrations after Rubens, De Lodon Bernicle, Raffaelle, Overbeck, Poussin, &c. &c. The line, and others, and beautifully engraved in metal letters. The work is now near-half completed, and as it appears to us monthly, will soon be ready for the binding. We are grateful to understand that this work has received the approbation and high approval at the hands of a very large portion of the religious public. Attached to family devotion can but be increased by such like this, which is calculated to throw in of all ages. It is, in a more sectarial point of view no small consideration to possess in one volume, copies after the intelligent pieces of the most eminent as are here presented. Nor do they fail to aid in the understanding of the text, by the glimpses which they give of the customs of the country and the age in the gospel was first preached. The increasing popularity of illustrated works of all kinds, is a testimony to the excellence of the genius, to aid of the typographic art.

THE HERMIT. *By William Yonall. A New Edition, with Numerous Additions and Improvements, and a General History of the Hoax; a Dissertation on the American Trotting Horse, how Trained and Jockeyed, and an Essay on the Law of Horses, and Association Rules, &c. &c. By the Hermit of the Turf Register. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We have given the whole title of this work, as a better expression and a more correct description of the said book. Those acquainted with the subject pronounce the book all that it professes to be. The part from the Hermit's pen is full of racy anecdote, classic in England, and the valuable additions by Mr. Skinner eminently adapt the book to the purposes of the American sportsman. Indeed, we cannot perceive how make a knowledge of that noble animal, the horse, to country or constraints. It is very neatly printed, and altogether a handsome book.

DIDOT VINDEX. LIBERI TO LIVE. *By Christopher Sutton, D. D., late Prebend of Westminster. New York: Appleton. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* Appleton. This is the first American edition of this work, and is printed in uniform style with the "Lives of Boone," &c. the living author long ago, and which have been published by the same house. To the many purchasers of the former volume, the announcement is only needed to be made—we will sufficient; for no one who has the one will neglect to procure the other. The oldest is printed from the original edition, including the author's life time, that of 1626. The paper is good, and the typographical ornaments appropriate serving to the reader to find the work pleasant to read. The outline of the old gothic edition.

THE AMERICAN PRUNERY BOOK. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purvis.*—This is a little unusual which has received the unanimous approval of the Board of Agriculture of the American Institute. It treats of the management of prunery, and, trained, of every thing which is desirable or useful on the matter or concerning the fruit in few words, a practical and most excellent treatise.

ALISON'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.—No. 14.—This number brings the history down to the terrible struggle in January, after the repulse of the allies from Dresden, the last pitched battle that Napoleon gained. Throughout it sets a moral of continued disaster following—the bloody conflict around Leipsic, a misery his army and made a retreat to the Rhine inevitable—disaster then fell and disaster like waves in a rising storm, and the tragedy was closed by the enforcement at Fontainbleau and exile to the wild rock of Elba. These events throw light on the situation before us, with a brilliancy that renders them more fascinating than the most finished romances. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*

POLYNESIA; or, a HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCIPAL ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH SEA, INCLUDING NEW ZEALAND. *By the Right Rev. H. Montfil, of St. Johns College, Oxford. New York: Harper & Brothers.* The main object of this work is stated in the preface to be "to throw some light on the introduction of Christianity and civilization into the South Seas, and to furnish material by which a clear judgment may be formed of the present results and of future or more easy—my mother's bones will shrink from the contact when mine are laid beside them in the grave. Ye have left me neither home nor hold, neither earth to feed nor flocks to clothe me. Ye have taken from us all—all—the very name of our nationality, and now ye come for our lives!

And here, after the English officer, disregarding the caution of Helen Mac Gregor, had encountered Zaffie Ogilvie, and Frank Osbaldistone had heard of his sons, and led to the capture of the survivors, Scott powerfully brought to light the character of a hagged them which, catching hold of the Bantam's coat, tripped him up, and he fell. Then they dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a canteen in Lodgate Hill." Andrew Fairservice, with better fortune than the Sailor, at last succeeded in "hooking" the Bailie, and he was he roared for mercy during the encounter, in Gaelic and English, "Mercy, mercy, according to the side on which the scale of victory seemed to predominate."

And finally, I almost saw the bubbles coming from that portion of the Loch into which Rob Roy had plunged, and I felt that he was up, took hasty vengeance on the Bailie, after he fancied it necessary, by cutting Morris mustached and weighted, —cast from the rock into the waters which settled calmly over him, and the end of life for which he had pleaded in vain, was further withdrawn from the ears of human existence."

Miscellaneous News

CHOLERA EXCITEM.—The Arkansas Intelligencer of August 19th, says—We have received full returns of the election in the Choctaw Nation. The principle of matter poverous on from publishing any thing about the result, which is as follows:—Ross is elected Principal Chief, and Lorrey, Assistant Principal Chief, by a majority of 923 votes; receiving about two thirds of the whole number of votes cast. National Committee 13 Ross men, 2 Vann men. Council 18 Ross men, 6 Vann men. On joint ballot 31 Ross men, and 9 Vann men.

SERIOUS AFFAIR.—A number of boys collected in Baltimore, on Saturday afternoon last, were engaged in throwing decayed apples at colored persons for the fun passed, and as a colored woman, David Chapman, came driving by, they threw at him, when he leaped from his dray, seized a heavy oak upright, and drove it with great force into the crowd of boys, and striking a youth about sixteen years of age, named Pascal Kroll, on the back of the head, felled to the ground. His recovery is doubtful.

EMIGRATION: PARTY TO THE INTERIOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.—A party have received permission from the Government to take passage in the Levant, for the purpose of exploring the interior of South America. It consists of J. G. Strain, P. Mall, Edmund Christie, Dr. J. C. Strother, J. W. W. Dyer, minister's mate, and Edward Donnelly. Mr. Strain, who organized the expedition, is distinguished for an active and enterprising disposition. We wish the party success in their enterprise.

ARREST OF A HOMICIDE.—A man named Michael Colgan was last week arrested on board the Ohio, at Wheeling, on a charge of murder committed on board of the Pirate, on the 23d of July, the very day she sailed from Malaga. He was brought before George T. Curtis, Esq., U. S. Commissioner, but the evidence was so clear of the killing, that the witnesses for that purpose were dismissed, and the accused held to bail for his appearance.

A WELL'S BOTTOM DROPPED OUT.—On Sunday morning last, a well about forty five feet deep, on land of James C. Hudson, in Cedar Grove, Ind., which had been dry about eighteen months, and was well walled up with stone, suddenly sank about five feet, carrying with it the stone wall. Only a few minutes before the accident, a rumbling noise was heard by the inmates of the house near by.

EFFECTIVE MASTICATORIES.—A Liverpool paper states that "the official reports show that the children of the working classes in most of our manufacturing districts are in a state of blind ignorance and consequent immorality which would be a disgrace to any Christian people, and such as is not discovered in any other country on the face of God's earth.

HARD TO CONTEST.—We notice that a man has been fined in Boston for driving his cart of hay with a charge of nothing fire to a steam flour mill at Dorchester, during the Patriot war.

Army & Navy

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Correspondence.

WEED'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

SCOTLAND—ROB ROY'S FASTNESSES &c. &c.

Scotland, the birth place of Burns, and of Scott, the land of Loke and Thomas, of The Other—and the land of Wallace, somewhat desperately at times, to make an interesting book, there is no concealing or palliation of the vices of the court. But what is sometimes called "the best blood" in pure now, it has sometimes been most contaminated. Many who are proud to trace their lineage and descent from high ancestry, might be ashamed to have the record written by the hand, could they be restored to earth again.

The—seven we think there are—of Mr. Jesse's volumes form a very valuable appendage to English history, which no student would willingly forego the possession of. But adieu to the prestige of rank and antiquity if we read only the worst traits of the men who are placed on their true level; and no republican can rise from the perusal without feeling a contempt for the petty misdemeanors and vices of those whom fortune have heredotise commanded a sort of respect. It is proper to add, however, that the picture is by no means all black.

THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. *Edited by Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Grahams, 98 Chesnut Street.* In this country we have illustrations after Rubens, De Lodon Bernicle, Raffaelle, Overbeck, Poussin, &c. &c. The line, and others, and beautifully engraved in metal letters. The work is now near-half completed, and as it appears to us monthly, will soon be ready for the binding. We are grateful to understand that this work has received the approbation and high approval at the hands of a very large portion of the religious public. Attached to family devotion can but be increased by such like this, which is calculated to throw in of all ages. It is, in a more sectarial point of view no small consideration to possess in one volume, copies after the intelligent pieces of the most eminent as are here presented. Nor do they fail to aid in the understanding of the text, by the glimpses which they give of the customs of the country and the age in the gospel was first preached. The increasing popularity of illustrated works of all kinds, is a testimony to the excellence of the genius, to aid of the typographic art.

THE HERMIT. *By William Yonall. A New Edition, with Numerous Additions and Improvements, and a General History of the Hoax; a Dissertation on the American Trotting Horse, how Trained and Jockeyed, and an Essay on the Law of Horses, and Association Rules, &c. &c. By the Hermit of the Turf Register. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We have given the whole title of this work, as a better expression and a more correct description of the said book. Those acquainted with the subject pronounce the book all that it professes to be. The part from the Hermit's pen is full of racy anecdote, classic in England, and the valuable additions by Mr. Skinner eminently adapt the book to the purposes of the American sportsman. Indeed, we cannot perceive how make a knowledge of that noble animal, the horse, to country or constraints. It is very neatly printed, and altogether a handsome book.

DIDOT VINDEX. LIBERI TO LIVE. *By Christopher Sutton, D. D., late Prebend of Westminster. New York: Appleton. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* Appleton. This is the first American edition of this work, and is printed in uniform style with the "Lives of Boone," &c. the living author long ago, and which have been published by the same house. To the many purchasers of the former volume, the announcement is only needed to be made—we will sufficient; for no one who has the one will neglect to procure the other. The oldest is printed from the original edition, including the author's life time, that of 1626. The paper is good, and the typographical ornaments appropriate serving to the reader to find the work pleasant to read. The outline of the old gothic edition.

THE AMERICAN PRUNERY BOOK. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purvis.*—This is a little unusual which has received the unanimous approval of the Board of Agriculture of the American Institute. It treats of the management of prunery, and, trained, of every thing which is desirable or useful on the matter or concerning the fruit in few words, a practical and most excellent treatise.

ALISON'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.—No. 14.—This number brings the history down to the terrible struggle in January, after the repulse of the allies from Dresden, the last pitched battle that Napoleon gained. Throughout it sets a moral of continued disaster following—the bloody conflict around Leipsic, a misery his army and made a retreat to the Rhine inevitable—disaster then fell and disaster like waves in a rising storm, and the tragedy was closed by the enforcement at Fontainbleau and exile to the wild rock of Elba. These events throw light on the situation before us, with a brilliancy that renders them more fascinating than the most finished romances. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*

POLYNESIA; or, a HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCIPAL ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH SEA, INCLUDING NEW ZEALAND. *By the Right Rev. H. Montfil, of St. Johns College, Oxford. New York: Harper & Brothers.* The main object of this work is stated in the preface to be "to throw some light on the introduction of Christianity and civilization into the South Seas, and to furnish material by which a clear judgment may be formed of the present results and of future or more easy—my mother's bones will shrink from the contact when mine are laid beside them in the grave. Ye have left me neither home nor hold, neither earth to feed nor flocks to clothe me. Ye have taken from us all—all—the very name of our nationality, and now ye come for our lives!

And here, after the English officer, disregarding the caution of Helen Mac Gregor, had encountered Zaffie Ogilvie, and Frank Osbaldistone had heard of his sons, and led to the capture of the survivors, Scott powerfully brought to light the character of a hagged them which, catching hold of the Bantam's coat, tripped him up, and he fell. Then they dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a canteen in Lodgate Hill." Andrew Fairservice, with better fortune than the Sailor, at last succeeded in "hooking" the Bailie, and he was he roared for mercy during the encounter, in Gaelic and English, "Mercy, mercy, according to the side on which the scale of victory seemed to predominate."

And finally, I almost saw the bubbles coming from that portion of the Loch into which Rob Roy had plunged, and I felt that he was up, took hasty vengeance on the Bailie, after he fancied it necessary, by cutting Morris mustached and weighted, —cast from the rock into the waters which settled calmly over him, and the end of life for which he had pleaded in vain, was further withdrawn from the ears of human existence."

Miscellaneous News

CHOLERA EXCITEM.—The Arkansas Intelligencer of August 19th, says—We have received full returns of the election in the Choctaw Nation. The principle of matter poverous on from publishing any thing about the result, which is as follows:—Ross is elected Principal Chief, and Lorrey, Assistant Principal Chief, by a majority of 923 votes; receiving about two thirds of the whole number of votes cast. National Committee 13 Ross men, 2 Vann men. Council 18 Ross men, 6 Vann men. On joint ballot 31 Ross men, and 9 Vann men.

SERIOUS AFFAIR.—A number of boys collected in Baltimore, on Saturday afternoon last, were engaged in throwing decayed apples at colored persons for the fun passed, and as a colored woman, David Chapman, came driving by, they threw at him, when he leaped from his dray, seized a heavy oak upright, and drove it with great force into the crowd of boys, and striking a youth about sixteen years of age, named Pascal Kroll, on the back of the head, felled to the ground. His recovery is doubtful.

EMIGRATION: PARTY TO THE INTERIOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.—A party have received permission from the Government to take passage in the Levant, for the purpose of exploring the interior of South America. It consists of J. G. Strain, P. Mall, Edmund Christie, Dr. J. C. Strother, J. W. W. Dyer, minister's mate, and Edward Donnelly. Mr. Strain, who organized the expedition, is distinguished for an active and enterprising disposition. We wish the party success in their enterprise.

ARREST OF A HOMICIDE.—A man named Michael Colgan was last week arrested on board the Ohio, at Wheeling, on a charge of murder committed on board of the Pirate, on the 23d of July, the very day she sailed from Malaga. He was brought before George T. Curtis, Esq., U. S. Commissioner, but the evidence was so clear of the killing, that the witnesses for that purpose were dismissed, and the accused held to bail for his appearance.

A WELL'S BOTTOM DROPPED OUT.—On Sunday morning last, a well about forty five feet deep, on land of James C. Hudson, in Cedar Grove, Ind., which had been dry about eighteen months, and was well walled up with stone, suddenly sank about five feet, carrying with it the stone wall. Only a few minutes before the accident, a rumbling noise was heard by the inmates of the house near by.

EFFECTIVE MASTICATORIES.—A Liverpool paper states that "the official reports show that the children of the working classes in most of our manufacturing districts are in a state of blind ignorance and consequent immorality which would be a disgrace to any Christian people, and such as is not discovered in any other country on the face of God's earth.

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The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for
734 shares	Wilmington R. R.	16½@
100 do.	Girard Bank	10
200 do.	Mechanics Bank	43½
100 do.	Bank of the State	43
100 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank	43
300 do.	Vicksburg Bank	31½
50 do.	Farmers' Bank	43
25 do.	Bank of Brandywine	43
35 do.	Reading R R	43
25 do.	Farmers' Trading Co.	43
25 do.	Planters' Bank Texas	43
25 do.	Schuylkill	43
50 do.	Western Bank Md.	43
200 do.	Pennsylvania	13¼@13⅝
1 do.	Commercial Bank Sc.	43
$14,000	State 6's 1845,54,,57-8,59.	97½
$17,000	State 6's 1845	97½
$10,000	Penn 5's	91⅛@91
$1,000	Phila. & R.R. Bonds, 6's, 1846	100
$10,000	Pennsylvania and Del. Canal 6's	97½
$1,000	Penn. & Ohio R.R. 6's, 1870	90
$3000	Girard Loan 6's	100
$3000	Coatsville Water Works Bonds	91@91
$1000	Penn. R.R. 6's, 1882	90
$1,000	Lehigh Mortgage Loan	93
$2000	Kentucky Bonds 6's	90

Philadelphia Market.

The Flour market has been unusually quiet, and the transactions are limited to about 1,000 bbls. Several lots of Ohio brands have been sold at $4.68¾, but at a less to purchase at $4.68¾, but at a less to purchase at $4.68¾, but at a less to purchase

Gems from the Poets.

VENICE.

BY LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

Morn on the Adriatic, every wave
Is turned to light, and mingles the blue sky,
As if the ocean were clear heaven;
Calmer and purer, and fretted palaces,
Are white with sunshine; and the few sail clouds
Do but redeem the light.

The morning rose—
The summer rose, how beautiful they are!
Incense upon life the nation's world,
And sheds its influence on humanity;
Man draws his purer breath lighter, and forgets
The weight of cares that made the night seem long
Have wasted its moments, and its woes.
When opening over forest and green field,
Waking the singing birds, till every leaf
Vibrates with music: and the flowers unfold,
Have a deep fragrant stillness in the air,
As here they only call to light and love.
Such is the morning in the south, and all
O'er proud cities—as now beautiful the sun!
Not the calm beauty of a woodland world,
Tranquil with sweet stillness and unconscious flow;
But beauty which awakes the intellect
More than the feelings, that of power and mind—
Man's power, man's mind—for never city reared
A grander or a fairer home than Venice.
The daughter and the mistress of the sea.

I've opened the casement,—let it spread to bear
Her gallery's air to display, the war or wealth;
Let it but waft the sounds of her own life to me,
The waves and the boatmen's busy hum.

Now enter in her palaces, a world
Has cried its tribute to their splendor.
The harvest of the east, on Syria's plains,
Is reaped for Venice, from the Indian isles
The sandal-wood is brought to burn in Venice.
The undergem that frets on eastern seas,
And spent, and consumed, and pearls that in
Deep in the gulf of Ormus, are for Venice.
The Persian loom doth spread her silken floors;
Here on these grass floors for Gridonia's more
Than on the wreathed necks of her proud daughters—
For the Doge wears the chain which makes the Turk
Doth often tear upon her ivory arm
The ransom of a kingdom. Be the sword,
Drawn by the foes and fearless by the sea,
That on seas the sea for riches, which are power.
The more for Venice is upheld she is
A Christian Tyre,—save that her sea-girt gates
Do bar no enemy, and dread no fall.

Morn on the Adriatic, bright and glad
And yet we are not joyful; there is not
A stronger influence than sweet Nature's joy
To make mirth holy, and the voice of the heart
Freedom the lessons of mortality
Too gravely to be warmed by that delight
Born of the sun, and air, and morning Power
For we forget the pressure as we stand
So much between the shadow of the year
And here the year is mighty. Memory
Has heavy on the atmosphere around;
There is the sea—but where now are the ships
That sailed from Venice to the ends of the world?
Where are the mole that brought home wealth
And wealth from other nations? No glad prows
Break up the waters now to bring their treasures;
I only see some shaggy fishing boats
There are the palaces,—their marble fronts
Are gray and worn, and the rich fantasies
Are ragged: how the bats wheel, as now the moth
Feeds on the velvet hangings. There they hang—
The rusty pictures of the banished.
The tenor, the noble, who wore once Venetian
Robes, and whose blood was in the veins
And Titian's lions are faded as the fire
From which he painted. With a downcast brow,
Drawing his dark robe round him, which now hides
Hides the rich silk or gems, walks the Venetian
Proud, with a melancholy look which dwells
Only upon the glories of the dead;
And humbles with a bitter, cross a people
Of present degradation.

Those are the things that tame the pride of man!
The spectral writings on the wall of time—
The ruins which the hand of time has made
Man's destiny is not in his own hands
Cities and nations, each are at their term,
The mighty needles which time deserts,
And offers up at the eternal throne,—
Signs of man's weakness, and man's vanity.

The Essayist.

THE GREAT BANK.

The oldest bank in the world, known before the reclassification of legal characters and enactments had to bring in that of wealth Hope is president, good digestion, Faith and Gumption form the board of directors—the "Great Bank of the Future." Its notes, issued from the ten-mental celebrated for lying promises, and the magnificent of the world, have all the air of management ever since it had a being. Its promises are fair, and its payments, when it pleases any specimen; but the word of its president, Hope, is not good for a half penny. Still, upon his guarantee, are all the great operations and small, in all the business and other relations of life undertaken. He is a sure fellow for forwarding business—that Hope, tool to at the bottom of all the speculations and life flying. Singularly disinterested, he refuses no one a discount of promises, and the greater the exigency the greater his professed friendship. Attached to Lombok, or the most hard hearted of all customers, the Despair; and to the tender mercies of this loveless personation, Hope turns over his customers, who, nevertheless, are ready for new discounts, even before the "protest" is recorded. And Hope is never more liberal and extravagant in his issues than the demand of his customers, than when the iron hand of the notary has almost crushed them.

Once upon a time Despair,
says the poet—and nobody draws better than poets on the Bank of Futurity.

The notes are deep in the possession of Hope, worth in their capital—the foundation on which they issue unlimited countenorships intended to last a life time. The cold emotions of gratefulness, the whispers of distrust, the warnings of the experience of others, are all powerless beneath the magic wand of Hope, and universal prominence. In every revenue, at every act or instance of the failure of his pledges, result fresh notes on the bank which has so often deceived, and which promises none but the lucky. Youth is the season of confidence. The world looks bright through the cheerful medium in which it is viewed, and the promises of Hope to young hearts are accepted without distrust, and embraced without reserve. What though the fortunes of the longest lived are but series of reverses: what though from birth to burying the end of the race in which youth has but commenced are exhausted in struggle, shattered in confidence, and ready to slip into the grave as a refuge from the maltreatment of those who were placed on the scene to live happy? Still Hope is not a whit the less in demand to be an exception. He cannot be dethroned like other sins. He suffers nothing from freedom from the faults or inflictions which have caused the failure of others; and his universality makes him deem—amiable fool—that the course he bears of the world's transitory are but the malice of the disappointed. He will be as no other man has been discernable to the closest observer. Keenness at first he deems exceptions to the established custom. By and by experience teaches him better and deceiving whether what he sees to real he finds himself at last where he is. Hope never could be to others as unexplainable dogmas, apothegms of the world's blockhead, at which he once scoffed: he discovers that every one he meets has personal interests of his own, and that he is in the same but a struggling unit. He turns to repeat the experiment to the thoughtless ones who are entering the world as fool, with Hope's lying promises as he was once himself, and he finds that as he was deceived so he delights to delight it.

But there is one way to escape touch of this. It is to be a cash business with fortune. To trust the promises of Hope for further than to be ready to receive their fulfilment without counting on it. To make certainly the only fount upon which you draw to meet obligations, and consider the promises of Hope a surprise fund which the old law cannot break you on withdrawing. And the second receipt of which, when they come, are to be deposited against succeeding necessities. Never anticipate contingent resources, and in failure, to effects against certain demands. Let hope, with a young imagination, dream as such a way stoke a balance to his favor; and still walk with that long-headed calculator, and he may predict the utmost certain disappointment of such a visionary calculation. If we see that we must stop the windward.

H. H. W.

TOADYISM.

Modern fashionable society finds a convenient in later ecclesiastical softened names for a number of things which good sense and the unbiassed rule of public life forbid to be spoken of in the plain speech used in our ancestors. The kind of person which Johnson and Jamieson would have described as a servile parasite, or more, dishonestly fawned as to the appellation of a toad eater. An accessible is said to be the origin of the term. A great quack contrived to get quit of a troublesome hanger-on, caused a toad, or loathed and ugly one to be produced, and to be fed. The intention was seen, but the dependent knew too much to show disgust at the food which he had assimilated, to take the hint. He partook of the meals with all the appearance of relish, never letting it be presumed that he thought there anything to find aside. Thereafter, any one who was content to live on the leavings of another, the flatterer of a low emotional stamp, was said to eat that person's toads or to be a toad eater. The story, it must be confessed, made a good deal like some of the ancient fables which are said to be the origin of things too, however this may be, certainly for the last fifty years, the term would be applied to the great, who delight where be a humbly endeavor, and endeavors to repay sensible favor, by worthless complimentaries, or contemptible assistance.

Latterly the word has undergone a softening process. Toad-eater sounded alarmingly, and away, toned expressions came in use. Then therefore reduced to the most obscure and inoffensive form of *toady*—a term which seems quite to well where it is understood. But the origin of the word has at last been found in these regions of the mind as in the case of many other words, which are now in common use. Toady is a contraction of swinging and waggling, going again towards experts crack and station. It is to be observed, that the word is not to be found in the best accepted with the advantage of allowing it to be used in a lighter manner than it would be if it complained not only as a term of [illegible] but also as an adjective: "Miss Jones was very toady to Lady Tuftaffeta," and furthermore as a verb: "These Fitzgrimms toady everybody." Finally, the practice of toadying acquires the appellation placed at the head of this article. Jimmy having in this way acquired the dignity of a full-blown word, we may, as glad to see it naturalized on the consent of a few hundred years into the dictionaries of the English language.

Toads is said to be a note in Edgarium, Manchester, and the result the entire table somewhat.

READING.

An eminent lawyer once remarked that after he commenced reading for his profession, he never suffered himself to be interrupted in it, even by the visits of his most intimate friends.

This may appear strange to those who read novels, poems, plays and other miscellaneous works; and that too, with a rational rapidity, for they merely glance over, and lay the book, which is as evanescent as the morning mist that is scattered by the warm rays of the rising sun. But to the lawyer and student this fact is very evident, that much time must be consumed in the severe investigation of a single point, when connexions with the plan of reading so many pages per day. Many read works on the particular principle that they will waste time. If they encounter miscellaneous works in the afternoon, and the same work they will waste no time. This we believe to be a good plan, provided, however, they know how to read. In fact, any plan, if pursued with resolution, will succeed better than a mere desultory course of reading.

Many, say, the most of persons read rapidly—not pausing to consider whether the ideas or sentiments of the author are true to reason; but as they read along, they admit the opinions of the author. This should not be so, for if these sentiments and opinions are unconsidered, it is by an exercise of memory only that they are retained. Now this would end with profit, must exercise his judgment; weigh well the words as he proceeds; deny any part of the author's meaning appear obscure, he must reflect on the spirit of the author's writings, and his connexions, and by it determine the exact meaning of the author. By this method he will discover the whole spirit of the subject, and in a short time will be able to digest in his own mind with ease. The man, who reads like a waiter in a steam boiler—it only requires the application of time to burst it—may as well shall on the machine in motion. Books are the fuel; the mind itself must be the power which is to work them up to application of opinions, sentiments and experiences of ages, and to produce an exhibition of them in the production that power which is sagacious, yes, far more powerful than steam or any physical force; for by the latter we can only move matter, but by mind mighty forces yield to man, in whose body is combined the ability of controlling mighty elements, which rules and governs this world; for, of a surety, the most powerful principle in the universe is mind.

The Humorist.

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Post gives the following account of the performance at Normal Hall: "While my mind was riveted upon the picture of 'The Departure,' I was startled by some one near me by a question from a young man who had accompanied by my side: 'Which is Columbus?' I did not inquire of his friend, and said, 'It is the figure in the Departure of the Pilgrims.' 'Oh!' no, said the young man, 'he first came, he came over afterwards.'"

☞ A celebrated Irish patriot, having, after a short contest, carried the election as a representative in parliament for the city of Dublin, was met on the day after by a lady, whose family was very warm in the opposite interest, and accosted him with—"Well, sir, I see, says she, "I find you have gained the election."

"Yes, Madam," replied the hero, "I have gained a vote for you." "No, Madame, your two sons did that," replied the hero.

☞ A young fellow dropped in at one of our meetings a few evenings since, after being absent for some time, and while the house was engaged in prayer with whom he used to be acquainted. When meeting was over, he stepped up to her and asked—"Shall I walk home with you, Miss ——?" "Nay, I will ask my husband!" were the cool reply.—*Ithaca Democrat.*

☞ A gentleman more remarkable for the exercise of his appetite than for the delicacy of his genius, ornamented to his lady at the breakfast table, as he rolled his forehead with a crumpet, "I've a strange sensation in my head, this morning." "Perhaps, my dear," replied his better half, meekly, "you have an idea in it.

☞ Mason, the poet, was asked to subscribe to the poems of Ann Kennedy, the Bristol milk-maid. "The poems," said the gentleman applying, "of a heaven-born genius to Sublime." Mason gave five guineas with this reply:—"There are five pounds for her dinner, and five shillings for her supper—good genius!"

☞ The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen eating one of the monkeys with a relish. A chap in spectator asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "he's been feeding on all about the bear, and *he's big enough to know better.*"

☞ The following remarkably cool sun-sconcerning appeared in the Boston Post: "Mr. Editor—I am a foreigner, 30 years of age, and very rich, wishes to marry herself. Address (post-vonage paid) Madame ——, Rue St. Honore, No. 400.

☞ A New York country paper in its notices to correspondents, says:—"Our friend at Hoboken is sick, and will appear in our next." Most of the newspapers have always a good stock on hand.

☞ A French dentist, feeling, after several trials, to extract a lady's tooth, set-ounted for it by saying that "nothing but could come out of her mouth."

☞ "Pat, you are a scoundrel!" said Bat to an Irishman. "Bill, you are a good fellow, and we are both liars," was the prompt reply.

Selected Articles.

THE SHUNAMITE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The story of the Shunamite* is one of the most touching in the Scriptures. It is one of those subjects which no dwell on those parts sources of poesy—allowing it carries a strong romance, and a deep moral. Such, as well as earlier—we give the picture as it was ordered by our own citizens grave insufficient, the trustees have great confidence that no appeal made to the State, or to the entire Union, will be allowed to succeed.

It may be objected that the present is an unfortunate period in which to attempt any work, depending solely for success upon the liberality of the people: that business is depressed, industry unemployed, and consequently money scarce, and every one retrenching himself in the abundance of capital, the superabundance of labor, and the cheapness of materials, and the beneficial employment it will afford to the unemployed operatives, are strong inducements to undertake the work at the present time. The trustees are not blind to the difficulties of the times, but they have every confidence that the faithful appropriation of all the money coming to their hands. Their own services will be gratuitous, and they will see that every dollar is faithfully applied to the purposes for which it is contributed. Every possible check devised to secure the honest and faithful application of the funds.

The board will, from time to time, communicate to the public all such information as the progress of the work may require.

John Trumbull,	James Talmadge,
Stephen Allen,	Nicholas Dean,
Moses H. Grinnell,	Hon. Alonzo Cushman,
Robert H. Morris,	Hon. John Kelly,
William W. Fox,	Charles W. Sandford,
Peter Cooper,	Ogden Hoffman,
John W. Francis,	Trustees.

NEW YORK, *September 5, 1853.*

THOMAS CARLYLE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

The 28th of June, 1778, was a great and memorable day in the Kalends of the infant American Republic. For we are now to understand that the great Army left Philadelphia, with a train of baggage twelve miles long, for New York; that a battle was held during the whole Liberty was, the contest raging to and fro on the hottest earth: in the hottest weather. Washington left his hut at Valley Forge, and in obedience to the news that Sir Henry Clinton's Andrutad, made a bloody effort to prevent the junction of the detached corps with the rest. Washington soldiers towards the sea shore. He sought his enemy and met him on the field of battle on the south. Washington was winged, Clinton and Cornwallis commanded the wings, and around them the generals of Freehold and Englishtown, and fire had is whirling the air and wide upon the burning plains, the great heat of the day, and the small, but terrible fighting that ensued. And Gen. Lee is swept back on this wing and on that, and to the rear, and then utterly, when Washington arrives in person and speaks a word or two. "Form, form!" he cries, "Form!" and his men hear, for the Virginia and Maryland line will soon come to your assistance." And the Continental soldiers leaped at the sound of their beloved, and, as they thought, victorious leader. And, at the second encounters of a moment's, fell in units, tens and hundreds beneath the murderous fire.

Washington on his death defying old and faithful white horse passed through the ranks of the retreating and ordered them to turn on the death struggle. The same cannon balls that had been flying around them met the soldiers of the mother country, bend to bend, they came together in the centre, and then the hot Hessian band and pennell'd extremity—

"Hessian, Hessian, come to me,
Fight with me, or I'll fight with thee,
Fearfully on him—and then, shouting for
Hessian, turn upon the enter and fight."

And so the order died, and not a sound
Was heard but the shouts of the fierce, still,
Monotone on her knee—the truth could come
Of the battle, and the fight of the day.
Of the Rose, for even days had been in the
Battle Creek, the men were fighting by Falconbert's
thermometer, in the heat of 98°. Many of the combatants let the dust and died unscathed by sabre or shot. If Washington was Fabius, on Oct. 1778 at the White Plains, he was Marcellus at Monmouth. The losers of the day remained with him for his enemy retreated in the night.

We have better illustration the progress of the United States than this.—In 1790 the revenue from the general post office was $37,935.—In 1841 $4,376,216.

* 2 Kings v. 18-37.

WAVES OF THE SEA.

A MOTIVE POWER

An English publication says that this power, which has long been vaguely known to exist, but the idea of ever bringing it into use never appears to have been seen through of [illegible] being brought under control by T. A. Ruler, who, by means of some very simple machinery, has made the alternating power, diurnal motion of a ship, by the power of the waves, subservient to her horizontal motion through the sea. The following is the application of this power to these described:

"To convince how this power can be brought into action, it is necessary to know, that to whatever depth the water is, there is the same depth of motion in the water below, further than at a depth equal to the height, and although it is easy to render the power of waves efficient, by offering them a resistance; for the resistance will be overcome by the motion, and in connecting a sort of platform placed beneath the undulations of the waves with the vessel floating on them; at both ends of this platform, and brought up on each side of the vessel, are strong connecting rods, attached to arms working on an axis; to these arms are joined socket rods, working in teeth formed connected with the paddle; and as every part of the vessel the alternate perpendicular motion causes the paddle-wheels to revolve. This would end with great, and exercise his judgment; weigh well the words as he proceeds; deny any part of the author's meaning appear obscure, he must reflect on the spirit of the author's writings, and his connexions, and by it determine the exact meaning of the author. By this method he will discover the whole spirit of the subject, and in a short time will be able to digest in his own mind with ease. The man, who reads like a waiter in a steam boiler—it only requires the application of time to burst it—may as well shall on the machine in motion. Books are the fuel; the mind itself must be the power which is to work them up to application of opinions, sentiments and experiences of ages, and to produce an exhibition of them in the production that power which is sagacious, yes, far more powerful than steam or any physical force; for by the latter we can only move matter, but by mind mighty forces yield to man, in whose body is combined the ability of controlling mighty elements, which rules and governs this world; for, of a surety, the most powerful principle in the universe is mind.

Choice Selections.

FLOWERS
WILL NOT ALWAYS BLOOM.

BY MRS. J. W. MERCUR.

Flowers will not always bloom,
The brightest one that gild our pathway now;
They fade and die ere noon—
Will shed on us a bright hour of the hour.

Youth, too, will pass away,
And leave us on the verge of Time
The Beautiful decay,
And life's warm blood no longer thaw.

Soon Manhood's knee will bide;
The proud form bend with years and pain;
And in the tomb be laid
Life's cherished hopes, and veiled back in Rest.

Flowers will pass away,
Swiftly as Time does ever unwind glare—
As autumn leaves decay—
As ocean tide ever ebbs and flows.

And life is but a span—
A few brief days of pleasure and of pain—
The man, high-hoping man!
Thy death is written—fate is fixed again.

Fame's laurel wreath will fade,
Its brightest leaves drop down and pass away.
As all Life's joys were made
To spring up brightly, then to know decay.

The conqueror's pale will fade,
As glory leaves its burning mark behind;
And Death's cold hand
Lie for democratic in the raging wind.

All things must fade away,
And as the swell of pleasure in the heart,
All cease to gladden, ere with life we part.

Brief as the moon which rul the morning mist—
Which Age unveils, their glories all are done—
Life's fairest hopes
The brightest rose that gild our pathway now
Will shed its sweet fragrance
Will shed its sweet bright leaves o'er the bone.

CHINESE RULES OF CONDUCT.

We find in a number of the Canton Register, the following advice to married folks in China. The most prominent item of which will be a proposition for the revision of the work of the Order. It is some considerable time since the Grand Duke Lodge at an expense of $40,000 will be delivered with appropriate ceremonies of the formal The description of this beautiful structure, we find in one of the Southern exchanges:

The building itself, which is to be consecrated to the purposes devoted to Masonry, is truly a noble and magnificent structure, presenting an imposing front of three stories of fifty feet, with an elegant Corinthian stories, the whole surmounted with four beautiful cupolas, and the centre one elevated still higher, and the intervening spaces composed of battlements of the same material, and the whole presenting a beautiful appearance to the eye, the windows of which are calculated to present a still more attractive appearance to the eye, the windows of which are calculated to present a still more attractive appearance to the eye, the windows of which are calculated to present a still more attractive